

The Quarterly Review

JANUARY 1958

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JOHN MURRAY
FIFTY ALBEMARLE STREET LONDON

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IMPERIALISM AND COLONIALISM

I

THE political vocabulary of every civilized country contains a number of abstract words connoting complicated ideas developed during the ages from comparatively simple beginnings. Concepts such as democracy, oligarchy, tyranny, despotism, capitalism, socialism, communism, nationalism, and many other 'isms' are on the lips of everyone, and as short-hand terms for well-understood subjects are indispensable. Unfortunately they are often employed as catchwords to create emotional disturbances in the minds of people who have little knowledge of their meaning and history. Similarly, phrases such as 'the dictatorship of the proletariat,' 'the ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange,' are used as slogans and battle-cries to attract the support of those who cannot appreciate the magnitude of the political, social, and economic issues involved. A notable example in ancient times was the slogan current in Greece: γῆς ἀναδασμός καὶ χρεῶν ἀποκόπη —'Redistribution of land and abolition of debts.' It is difficult to imagine a more far-reaching policy, but it naturally enjoyed great popularity with the masses and was a powerful weapon in the hands of political agitators, somewhat resembling the cry 'God gave the land to the people' employed by advocates of land-nationalization in our own times. We learn from Plato that it was 'always a source of dangerous contention' in Greece, and so the Athenians discovered, for at the end of the Peloponnesian war every member of their assembly was compelled to swear not to put such an issue to the vote. A similar principle may have underlain the decision of our own Parliament that no proposal involving a charge on the national resources should be entertained unless recommended by the Crown—i.e. the government of the day.

'Liberté, égalité, fraternité' at the time of the French Revolution was another dangerous slogan. But a little knowledge and reflection should have led to the conclusion that liberty and equality are incompatible objectives. Apart from the difficulty of distinguishing liberty from licence, liberty cannot produce equality, because

physical and mental differences will always make men unequal. For that reason no doubt equality has of recent years been restated as 'equality of opportunity,' and that concept has now been interpreted or rather misinterpreted in some quarters as 'identity of opportunity.' But to realize such an ideal involves complete uniformity in the background, upbringing, and circumstances of every individual—an impossible achievement outside an ant-heap or beehive, even if it were desirable, which it is not. Heaven alone knows what fraternity means nationally or internationally. That it is little more than a catchword the proceedings of the League of Nations and, up to the present, of the United Nations Organization have amply demonstrated.

To produce intelligible definitions of these political abstractions needs a good deal of thought and study. Can a 'dictatorship of the proletariat' correctly be termed democratic? The Russians seem to think so, though many people observe that latter-day Marxists are using 'democracy' to mean 'oligarchy' and 'freedom' to mean 'slavery.'

Two other abstractions have attained great political prominence: Imperialism and Colonialism. These have been converted into catchwords and become veritable terms of abuse. They are apparently interchangeable, though the context may sometimes make one more derogatory than the other. Both are of course derived from Latin words. *Imperium* originally meant a military command and was subsequently extended to mean the rule that Rome exercised for several centuries over Western Europe, the Near East, and North Africa. *Colonus* was the Latin for a farmer and became applied to a Roman cultivator or retired soldier settled in territory beyond his homeland.

The Roman Empire and the Roman colonies did not spring up fully armed like Athene from the head of Zeus. Their development was slow, haphazard, and often unpremeditated. So was the British, and in most instances either over-population or the security of the homeland was the primary cause of expansion. Rome's obvious need to control Sicily was bound to lead to the conquest of Carthage and North Africa.

But, as in the case of Britain many years later, Roman imperialism and colonialism provoked contemporary criticism, of which numerous specimens are on record.

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Cicero tells us of a Greek philosopher, Carneades, lecturing in Rome in the early days of her empire, whose theme was that imperialism inevitably produced injustice, and that if the Romans wanted to be just, they would give up what they had taken from others—they had not yet taken much—and go back to a life of misery and poverty in hovels. It is not every young and ambitious country that would have received that lecture in good part, but the Romans always had a great respect for the intelligence of the Greeks, though not much for their character.

Anyhow, they did not take Carneades' advice, and it would have been a disaster to civilization if they had. Much later on, at the end of the first century of our era when the Roman Empire was at its zenith, a friend of the Emperor, the historian Florus, expressed the opinion that it would have been better for the Romans to have contented themselves with Sicily and North Africa. Rome had her 'little Romans' like Britain. On the other hand, not long after Florus, an intelligent Greek, born and bred a Roman subject in Bithynia, now Turkey, took a different view. Ælius Aristides, writing in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, said that the Roman Emperor had made a democracy of the whole earth—that Asia and Europe were not divided and that everything was open and common to all. 'Wars,' he declared, 'seem beyond credence; to the masses they are an idle tale; if there is fighting somewhere on the frontiers, as there may be in a great and immeasurable empire, through miserable Africans and wretched people on the Red Sea, who cannot enjoy the good they have, it and its story pass quickly away like a legend.' 'To-day,' he continued, 'Greek or foreigner may travel freely where he will, passing from homeland to homeland. The Cilician Gates have no terrors for him, nor the sandy passes through Arabia to Egypt.' Anyone travelling in that part of the world at the present time—eighteen hundred years later—would probably wish himself back in the time of Marcus Aurelius.

Allowance must of course be made for the extravagance of a panegyric addressed to a Roman emperor, but if only half of what Aristides wrote is true, it is no small tribute to the benefits of Roman imperialism and the Pax Romana which accompanied it.

In those days the Roman Empire stretched from Roumania to the Sahara and from Newcastle to the Euphrates. A man could travel from that river to York without passports or visas or

currency restrictions. Moreover, he had only to trouble himself with two languages—Greek in the east and Latin in the west—and many people were acquainted with both. There was no fear of arrest as an enemy alien or spy, and in the words of Aristides: 'To be safe it was enough to be a Roman or rather a subject of the Roman Empire.' The centurion's warning given in the previous century to the Roman magistrate who arrested St Paul in Jerusalem is good evidence of that. 'Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman.' St Paul was a Roman citizen by virtue of his birth in a certain Syrian city and was immediately released. It may be that many petty officials, small-town politicians, and gangsters resented the firm hand of the imperial government—St Paul's Jewish opponents certainly did—but it was a godsend to the man-in-the-street and to all who went about on their lawful occasions. In Edward Gibbon's opinion, 'If a man was asked to fix a period during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus.' During those 85 years of imperialism the Roman Empire enjoyed a Pax Romana; and curiously enough for about the same length of time many centuries later, a similar Pax Britannica prevailed under British imperialism over a much larger area. From the accession of Queen Victoria to the outbreak of the first world war, a British subject—and there were several hundred millions of them—could count on the protection of the imperial government wherever he might be. He cannot count on it now.

There has been no Pax Romana west of the Euphrates for over seventeen hundred years, and not much Pax Britannica remains either west or east of it. Whether a Pax Americana, based upon moral pressure and money, will be an adequate substitute, remains to be proved.

Those who are now using the term 'imperialism' as a term of abuse would do well to reflect upon the foregoing, and try to form some estimate of the peace and prosperity which Roman, and subsequently British, imperialism brought to immense numbers of poor defenceless people, otherwise at the mercy of thousands of petty tyrants, robber-chieftains, marauders, and pirates.

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To those who accuse Britain of colonialism, whatever that means, it may give some satisfaction to recollect that for four hundred years Britain—or most of Britain—was a Roman 'colony.' But they should also endeavour to imagine what the condition of the British during those years would have been if the Romans had not 'colonised' them. Any central administration or civil service is unlikely; there would certainly have been no Hadrian's Wall to protect them against the Picts and Scots; few, if any, good trunk roads or well-planned cities or even villas; no drainage, no central heating, little justice, less trade; and incessant tribal warfare throughout the island. The Britons owed an immense debt of gratitude to their Roman conquerors. For in Sir Winston Churchill's words, 'For nearly three hundred years Britain, reconciled to the Roman system, enjoyed in many respects the happiest, most comfortable, and most enlightened time its inhabitants have had.' Incidentally, it is a thousand pities that a sharp reverse inflicted on some Roman legions in the Black Forest at the beginning of the first century A.D. deterred Augustus from advancing from the Rhine to the Vistula and adding Germany to the Romanized provinces. He would have materially shortened his frontier, postponed the fall of Rome, it may be for centuries, and possibly have saved Europe from the first and second world wars.

But Roman colonialism, like British, had its critics. Tacitus gives us the speech of a Scottish chieftain on the eve of a battle against the Romans, which contains much of the same kind of propaganda that we hear from some parts of the world to-day. For instance: 'Neither East nor West has glutted them. Alone of mankind they behold with the same passionate greed waste and wealth alike. To plunder and butcher and steal—those things they misname Empire; they make a desolation and call it peace,' and so on. The chieftain was utterly defeated. Anti-colonialists may be disappointed to know this, but the northern frontier was held and Roman Britain saved from rapine and anarchy for some three hundred years until Rome withdrew her legions.

By all the canons of anti-colonialism, the British tribes should have welcomed that withdrawal with delighted enthusiasm. On the contrary, they united in addressing pathetic appeals to the Emperor to send his troops back. Unhappily for Britain he was so closely

beset by enemies on his immediate frontiers that he could not spare a man. Thus a vacuum was created and before long filled by raiding bands and then armies of Saxons, Jutes, and Danes. Much of Rome's work in Britain was destroyed, and many centuries passed before its inhabitants enjoyed a civilization and standard of living comparable to that of the Roman régime.

That was, presumably, 'colonialism,' but in view of the numerous ruins of towns and villas still being unearthed by archæologists, mostly the homes—not of Romans, but of Romano—British people—it is highly probable that the arrival of the Saxons and others made many of the British long for a return of the old colonial days. It is still possible for such situations to recur elsewhere.

III

The imperialism and colonialism of Rome are dead and buried,

To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

But what of British imperialism and colonialism?

That is a story of trial and error; and grievous errors were sometimes made, one of which led to the loss of the American colonies. There was never any settled policy of expansion and the British government, like the Roman, from time to time found itself pushed into assuming responsibilities against its will. In the early days of his career Disraeli of all people wrote: "These wretched Colonies will be independent in a few years and are a millstone round our necks."

But there was this fundamental difference between the Roman and British conception of empire. The Roman Empire was administered by a central government with autocratic powers, though it is true that, as we have seen, these were exercised during the rule of the Antonines to the great advantage of the governed. Local self-government was widely encouraged; Roman citizenship was freely bestowed; and there were extensive opportunities for intelligent and ambitious men to rise in the service of the state. Many of Rome's subjects reached high rank in the army and civil service, and some—notably persons of Greek and Syrian extraction—attained great political importance and vast wealth. Others from Gaul and Spain became pre-eminent at the bar and in literature.

It was of course much easier for that to occur in the Roman Empire than in the British, for the former was, broadly speaking, a single land mass and was not separated by thousands of miles of sea from its dependencies. But it never occurred to Rome to train her dependent peoples to become 'autonomous communities' within her empire. Representative government had not been invented, neither had the idea of an advanced nation treating its control of a less-advanced as a form of trusteeship, an idea put into practice by British administrators in the colonies long before it took the form of an international dogma. But a policy of educating and helping a dependent people to become a sovereign state would have astounded the Roman authorities. That policy was conceived by the British. Incidentally many rulers and races in Africa have in the past sought the protection of the British Crown, which is the origin of many of the protectorates which exist to-day.

Since the American War of Independence, and perhaps as the result of the lesson learnt from it, the aim of every British government has been to develop its dependencies, wherever circumstances made it possible, into self-governing states, and the ultimate objective of British statesmanship has been and still is the fusion of Empire and Commonwealth. This fact is often forgotten or ignored by critics of British imperialism and colonialism, whose attack, like Carneades' criticism of Rome, appears to rest upon two assumptions. First that Britain should never have acquired extra-territorial possessions, and secondly that having acquired them, she should have granted self-government to their inhabitants forthwith. Those citizens of the United States who base their criticism on the second assumption might well be referred to one of their own distinguished countrymen, James Truslow Adams, who wrote in his 'Epic of America': 'We have always felt, quite irrespective of local conditions and character, that any and every people is not only entitled to self-government but capable of it, an altruistic and idealistic but extremely dangerous belief.'

They might also read with profit the following extract from the private journal of the Marquess of Hastings who was Governor-General of India in 1818:

A time not very remote will arrive when England will wish to relinquish the domination which she has gradually and unintentionally assumed over India and from which she cannot recede. In

that hour it would be the proudest boast and most delightful reflection that she had used her Sovereignty towards enlightening her temporary subjects, so as to enable the native communities to walk alone in the path of justice, and to maintain with nobility towards their benefactors the commercial intercourse in which we should then find solid interest.

Lord Hastings' aspiration formed the basis of British policy in India for the next hundred and thirty years, and bears little resemblance to the imperialism of which Britain is now accused. The most cursory acquaintance with the history of India in the days of the Mogul Empire and her condition during the seventeenth century may suggest to fair-minded persons that just as Britain gained from Rome, India gained from British imperialism much more than she lost. Some Indian Aristides may feel disposed to admit this in the years to come.

Left to herself during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries India would have been a prey for decades to inter-state rivalry and religious and racial dissension. The murderous conflict between Muslims and Hindus after Britain relinquished her control a few years ago is some indication of what might have happened, and of the law and order which prevailed when there was no British government to enforce it. And who else but Britain would or could have planned and organized public health, hygiene, food supplies, roads, railways, irrigation, and forestry for a whole sub-continent? Who else would or could have built-up the highly trained Indian civil service, which is the backbone of Indian administration today? The same questions can be asked of Ceylon. And when disease practically wiped out her coffee crop, would the Ceylonese have been able to create in its place the magnificent tea industry which now provides over 60 per cent. of the island's revenue?

The standard of life in Ceylon is low by European standards, though not so low as in India. But what sort of standard would the masses now be enjoying if India and Ceylon had become autonomous, self-governing states one hundred and thirty years ago? No doubt a number of rich princes, rajahs, chieftains, landowners, and money-lenders would have maintained their positions for a time, until the misery of the peasants and labourers had exploded in bloody revolution. Thanks to Britain, those Eastern countries have been spared that calamity.

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Meanwhile the development foreshadowed by Lord Hastings in India has come to pass, and his policy is rapidly on the way to fulfilment in the rest of the British Empire. It is probable that in the next few years some half-a-dozen countries will be added to the number of autonomous nations already within the Commonwealth, and no doubt more will follow, though it is not easy to see how certain small units can become autonomous.

For one of the conditions of autonomy must obviously be financial independence. A country cannot strictly be termed self-governing unless it is able to balance its budget without external assistance. A second condition must be its ability to administer its own affairs and maintain law and order within its boundaries. That involves the possession of an adequate corps of trained and honest civil servants, magistrates, and police. It is not difficult to form a political party and choose political leaders, but the qualities that make a successful politician do not always make a successful administrator, and anyone who has held ministerial office knows how handicapped and indeed helpless he is without the assistance of experienced and competent civil servants. And thirdly—on the assumption that the countries aspiring to become members of the Commonwealth intend to be parliamentary democracies—and none of them appear to contemplate dictatorship—it is most important that their electorates should have had some previous experience of electoral procedure. When financial resources are inadequate, administrators unqualified and untrustworthy, and the electorate ill-educated and inexperienced, the assumption of autonomy is premature and hazardous and almost certain to result in misgovernment, corruption, confusion, and widespread unhappiness.

That is why the carrying out of Britain's policy of granting autonomy to her dependencies and colonies must, as James Truslow Adams pointed out, be governed by circumstances. For instance, in parts of Africa many of the indigenous tribes are too primitive and backward to justify their exercise of sovereignty. But would a critic of British colonialism propose that self-government should be bestowed forthwith upon communities obviously needing a long period of apprenticeship before they are capable of it? Most of the prejudice underlying attacks on imperialism and colonialism is derived from the comparatively recent and rapid growth of nationalism, an emotional movement conceived in the West and

largely fostered by British nineteenth-century liberalism. Unaided by British teaching and guidance, nationalism would have made scant progress in heterogeneous countries like India. But nationalism has its demerits as well as its merits, and the deplorable conduct of so-called nationalists in some parts of the world to-day, and their callous disregard of any interests other than their own, make it less difficult to understand Dr Johnson's rather startling definition of patriotism as 'the last refuge of a scoundrel.' That kind of nationalist is usually a narrow-minded parochial fanatic who thrives—as Hitler thrived—on a distortion of history and ethnology—attributing undeserved demerits to other countries and claiming equally undeserved merits for his own. It is doubtful whether those who so glibly denounce imperialism and colonialism have ever given any worthwhile attention to the records of imperial and colonial powers. They would probably be less censorious if they realized that most nations of any importance in the world have during some period in their history qualified to rank in the category of such powers. That is as true of the East as of the West.

Assyria, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, India, and China have all in various epochs conquered and ruled the lands of others—sometimes with cruel savagery, but sometimes wisely and humanely. The great Indian ruler Asoka was an imperialist, but every Buddhist knows the immense debt that Buddhism owes to him. And it is British imperialism that has made Indian nationalism—in the best sense of that word—possible.

The empire of Alexander the Great of Macedon sowed the seeds of Hellenic culture and civilization from the Indus to the Levant. It fertilized Rome and through Rome the whole of western Europe, including Britain, and subsequently through Britain the United States and through Romanized Spain much of South America. But for the imperialism of Macedon, Rome, and Britain, the high standard of civilization now enjoyed in those regions might have been postponed for a thousand years or perhaps never attained; it took a long time for Europe to recover from the fall of Rome and her successor Byzantium.

The contribution made by Britain's colonies has been no less widespread and beneficial. But anti-colonialists presumably object to the establishment of a colony anywhere and at any time. Yet

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they should recollect that the shores and islands of the Mediterranean in the fifth century B.C. were studded with Greek colonies, some of which, like Marseilles, have remained flourishing cities to this day. They were founded for the age-old reason—redundance of population. 'If there be an excess of citizens,' wrote Plato, 'there is still the old device of sending out a colony.'

Had anti-colonialism governed men's thoughts and actions in those days, not only would famine have ruined the mother-country, but there would have been little or no spread of culture and the arts of civilization in the West. And anti-colonialism would have prevented the colonization of Australia and America and preserved those continents for the bushmen and Red Indians alone. There is, of course, no doubt that all imperial and colonial powers have at times been guilty of abuses and excesses. The Americans did not colonize the territory of the United States in kid gloves, as the Red Indians could testify. But if the contributions made by the Roman and British Empires to the peace and prosperity of the world are impartially surveyed, they will give little support to the silly sweeping denunciations of imperialism and colonialism which form the present-day stock-in-trade of political agitators and military adventurers.

Nevertheless the misuse of these catchwords cannot safely be treated with the contempt it deserves, for they are being employed by Communists with considerable success in order to substitute the influence of Russia and China for that of Europe and the United States in the East. They also serve, no doubt, to distract the attention of the peoples of those countries from the shortcomings of their rulers, on the principle commended by Henry IV to his son.

Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels.

SOULBURY

IS PHILOSOPHY OBSOLETE?

LETHABY pointed out that society, like the weather, moves in cyclones and anticyclones. Within our half century a revolution in culture has taken place. We have had another reaction from 'romanticism' to another age of reason. Mr Eliot has written, 'There is no place for romanticism in letters.' Art has ended in a doodle and a ganglion of wire, and music in the ululations of acoustic distortions played upon a tape recorder. Philosophy has turned into a meticulous analysis of the meaning of statements. All is 'freakish, bleakish, cliquish.'

True, we have the council house, with electricity and plumbing, improved physical health, the disappearance of rags, the appearance of 'social security,' an average of good manners, women's institutes and young farmers' clubs. Is not all well as we have full employment, whether deployed wisely or not? More is being done for people than ever before. Milk and meals and all sorts of allowances are provided for children, up to the university. On the other hand, many emerge apathetic and resentful of authority, lacking direction and staying power, displaying couldntcarelesstitude. We are over-schooled and under-educated. So we have the teddy boy and girl. The welfare state has produced a generation with personal quirks, suspicion, self-interest, people committed to themselves. What they are 'up against' is not that others less fortunate should be underprivileged, but that advantages now enjoyed should exist at all. Higher wages have been accompanied by a rise in crime and in the number of divorces. There has been a great decline in sensibility, sense and morals, in absolute values—in the homes, in the schools and universities, in which so few of those who teach accept the values themselves or, if they do, have the confidence to impart them. All that we ask of buildings is that they should be efficient. 'Civilized' countries are a good deal uglier than they were even twenty years ago. Those who cater for the public cannot afford to issue anything that will not sell in large numbers: as the demand for superior quality is small, that lowers standards. In all directions it is an increasingly hazardous business to cater for dwindling

minorities. The national dailies wax fat on the baked meats from the funeral tables of the century-old local newspapers: the mass-circulation periodicals wear raiment made up from the shrouds of infinitely varied journals. Circulating libraries can afford only cheaper books, and fewer people can afford the higher postage; the programmes of broadcasting go down. According to Professor Toynbee, we have become *Homo occidentalis mechanicus neobarbarus*. We are dominated by laziness, vague idealism, and the wish for a good time all round. We are a disappointed, frustrated generation wandering in the Waste Land: both lark and nightingale sing to indifferent if not dirty ears. We had better consider what is coming to us from America, where youth is an anarchy, grown-ups are alcoholic, elections are decided by advertising agencies, and underlying is the melancholy of the loneliness, the nostalgia, the uncertainties that lurk behind the dazzling façade of material progress.

Hereby I curse this hard city
And the whoring, golfing, political
Poker-playing men.

Our own sport can be described in the House of Commons as a sink of iniquity. We have settled upon a course of prolonged and merely tolerable hopelessness. The dominant note in our culture is 'lusty, busty.' When man loses religion and belief in himself, when virtue and vice are thought of as mechanisms, all that remains is *la bête humaine*.¹

There is, said Chesterton, a kind of madness in which a man loses everything except his reason. Reason by itself does not suffice for sanity. In the subconscious and unconscious we inherit the concentrated experience of our entire ancestry and through it the means of perceiving the truth, goodness, and beauty that are within the world. What is lacking is guidance by reason to confidence in the transcendent reality. Equal to the power of a hundred people who have only interests is the power of one who has this conviction.

The general feature of the general, negative scepticism is the absence of belief that philosophy, in the true sense, is possible. Is it impossible?

Think of a group of people solving a jigsaw puzzle. Parts of the puzzle have been fitted together. Some solvers concentrate on the

¹ The phraseology of these paragraphs has been drawn from a wide variety of contemporary sources.

part that looks like sky; others on the ground; others on plants, animals, human beings, in the picture. These groups correspond to specialists in astronomy, geology, biology, botany, zoology, anthropology. But there is another type of solver: he observes what the specialists have fitted together and tries to make out how their pieces indicate the picture as a whole is coming out. Whilst he has not got specialist knowledge of astronomy, geology, biology, and so on, the onlooker sees most of the game: he is a specialist in synthesis and may be entitled to say with authority to a group of specialists, 'You think the picture is coming out that way, but if the other sections fitted together are going to fit together, that way cannot be right.'

In our parable the jigsaw puzzle is our experience, but the image represents less than half of the truth, because we have *inside* knowledge of the jigsaw puzzle, namely in our minds, and no philosophy can suffice which does not take adequate account of this inside experience.

It is for this reason that physical science is not adequate for philosophy. For some time there has been among physical scientists a convention of which the following is an authoritative statement: 'No non-physical postulate must ever be admitted into the study of physical phenomena.' This may be justified as a self-imposed limitation of scope, but it is not, in T. H. Huxley's description of science, sitting down before the facts like a little child.

Philosophy consists in interpreting what we know less well in terms of what we know better. It is important that the latter should be what we really know better: all the time people are deceiving themselves by interpreting what they know better in terms of what they know less well. Perhaps the most prevalent form of this fallacy is to assume that scientific knowledge, which is knowledge of the outside of things, is better than experience we have from within.

It is very difficult to detach oneself from the conventions of thought, but it is worth while to make the effort. A person thus detached, seeing the world steadily and seeing it whole, might reasonably say that some power uses miscellaneous materials, shapes them into various forms (some grotesque), sets some of them willing and working, some for moments, some for years, some for centuries; some of them known to us to be endowed with consciousness, feelings and purpose, acting of their own accord, proud

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of efficiency and ashamed of acting badly. A detached artist who sees things thus has said of this power, 'I praise it for its endless inventiveness, that it shapes, shades, stipples every creation in its inexhaustible designing.'

It is incredible that these things, non-living and living, could have attained their forms by chance. Suppose I am writing on sheets of paper, dropping them higgledy-piggledy, leave the room, and return to find the sheets all neatly ordered. This would be far less miraculous than the order in nature. One writer has said, 'I have tried to think how particles of lifeless matter might by chance have formed themselves in a million years into bones, muscles, digestive and respiratory organs, blood, skin, all the parts co-ordinated and unified with the vital principle of life, and I find it absolutely impossible to imagine how it could happen at all.'¹

There is no escaping the fact that there is intelligence exhibited other than that of men and animals. The intelligence is not perfect or always put to good uses: it is put to extremely cruel as well as good uses and is distinctly limited. But that intelligence is there cannot be denied. Where did it come in?

The continuity of evolution takes us right back to the atom and beyond. Tyndall, in his famous Presidential address to the British Association in 1874, said, 'By an intellectual necessity I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence and discern behind the matter which we, in our ignorance of the latent powers behind it, think to be dead, the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.'

To many it is incredible that atoms can be directed by mind. What is acceptable within our range of vision becomes unacceptable in the microscopic and ultra-microscopic universe. Yet size is entirely relative. The scope of conventional intelligence is limited by convention to the range of size convenient in the form of evolution the being concerned has attained to. Below is the dark backward and abysm of the microscopic universe; beyond is the incredible vastness of the macroscopic universe. A traveller on a great plain may think a distant object inanimate, but on approaching find it to be alive. The distinctions between non-living and living are not

¹ Mr Aldous Huxley has written, 'Without exception, all languages are stupendous works of genius. But these works of genius were created by people just as stupid as we are. One is almost forced to believe in the existence, within each one of us, of something other, and much more intelligent, than the conscious self.' *Adonis and the Alphabet*, p. 11.

essential and fundamental. Cycles of change, essentially similar to those occurring in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, are equally characteristic of the mineral kingdom, although in the latter it may be difficult to perceive them because of the extreme slowness with which they take place. There are a large number of analogies between living things and crystals, the latter having their morphology, physiology, embryology, etc. The difference between a crystal and a plant is much the same as that between a plant and an animal.

From the outside, the universe may be regarded legitimately as an infinity of centres of radiation. From the inside, it may be said that there is an infinity of centres of feeling and striving. Matter is energy. As the late Professor Wood Jones said, we have only to entertain the hypothesis that within energy can be awareness and purposiveness. *Mens agit molem*. Every act of will causes vibration characteristic of it which goes on (it may be diminishing unless reinforced) until it is stopped.

It is important to realize the great complexities that exist in ultra-microscopic things. Atoms build up into molecules. A volume of 550 m. molecules of water is only just visible under the high power of an ordinary microscope, diameter 1/5000 of an inch.

In 1942 Schrödinger gave a broadcast under the title, 'Can molecules think?' In a broadcast on Feb. 21, 1957, Professor Astbury used the phrase *molecular memory*. We can say, *mens agit moleculam*. Mind uses physical material to register experience.

Molecules build up into chemical elements, viruses, bacteria, protoplasm. The protoplasmic cell is 1/100 of the diameter of a pin's head. Even the simple cell developed specialization of functions and became organized. Within its borders we have the nucleus, nucleoli, and other bodies, small and large granules, the latter the size of the virus particle. Inside the nuclei are a large number of molecules, each of which is composed of many atoms.

A simple cell can develop an organ for memory. It appears to us under the microscope as a number of minute threads. Such are called chromosomes. (They are believed to consist of a considerable number of smaller particles. These have been called 'genes,' but the meaning of this term has become so indefinite that a writer in *Nature* proposed its disuse. A set of very large molecules are those of nucleic acid, which seems to be the pattern-making elements used for building protein molecules and for carrying characters

from one generation to the next.) When a cell splits, the chromosomes divide into two sets and half of them go into one of the new cells and the others into the other new cell. Thus memory is passed on.

When two cells unite, they commingle different and yet similar experiences. Later, the united cell splits into two cells, combining the experience of both parents. Half of the cells in each of the two new cells come from either parent. The two new cells split into four cells, still combining the experience of both their parents. In each case half of the chromosomes in each of the two new cells come from either parent and so the memory of the ancestry is passed on. Heredity is partly 'dominant' and partly 'recessive,' i.e. certain aggregations of inherited characters come out and the rest are latent.

In the course of hereditary experience of two cells joining, one type of cell developed more the tendency to, and the habit of going out for, the satisfaction of union—this is the origin of the male sex. Another type of cell developed more the habit of attracting and waiting for the other type of cell for the satisfaction of union—this is the origin of the female sex.

Differentiation from the primordial cell into the infinite varieties of life is due to the habits, physical and mental, which a group of beings acquire in common, through experiencing things in common and acting in common; so these habits, if repeated often enough, become inveterate, the results in the beings being ingrained and unconsciously inherited permanently¹—so that they are distinctive of the group. These characters can be implanted so deeply that they do not alter when the beings are in a different environment.

When colonies of cells cohere, they develop specialization of functions in groups of cells and thus organs. One group of cells is retained in primitive form as germ cells imbued with the memories of the whole ancestry. When two germ cells unite, the united germ cell is imbued with the memory of the whole of both ancestries. As it is the united germ cell that proliferates into the new organism, every cell in it has the whole organism immanent in it, so that, if normal development is interrupted, each part is able to restore missing parts within limits imposed.

Professor Astbury, in the broadcast referred to above, using the

¹ This is the 'determinism' in life—in chromosomes, genes, hormones, glands, etc.

phrase 'molecular memory,' said, 'The spermatozoon carries its instructions in its head. They are written in a cipher that seems to run along lengths. The chain molecules we are talking about are not more than one or two ten millionths of a centimetre thick at most: this texture corresponds to a textile fabric of about 100,000 threads per inch. The general impression is of a sort of super jigsaw factory. In the pieces is vested a power of replication, in all sorts of situations, for good or ill. When everything is running smoothly, we notice nothing, but when an irresponsible overseer or an intruder takes charge, we may call it virus disease or even cancer.' In the human being, each chromosome consists of an elastic thread spirally coiled like the wire element of an electric heater. It is in fact a tape record of inherited memory.

Let us pause to look at the miracles involved. The human being is an organized single family of cells, about 1,000 billions. Our hearts make over 4,000 pump strokes an hour, all through the years of our lives, and the blood from each of these strokes, passing through, say, the brain, gives off nourishment and oxygen to the cells and removes the waste products, all in the space of two seconds of time. If the arteries, capillaries, and veins in a human body were put end to end, this blood-pipe would be 12,000 miles in length. The blood travels these 12,000 miles in a minute.

Now look at this. In all living matter there is constant replacement: this is going on all the time: a constant atomic transubstantiation. The entire matter of every living thing is replaced from time to time. It is only the *form* that has any kind of permanence. It is form that controls matter: invisible controls visible. 'There are no miracles, because all is miracle. There is no magic, because all is magic,' said Llewelyn Powys.

Having now seen the part that invisible, inherited memory plays in life, let us look into our own minds. How do we acquire a new power or capacity? First, there must be a sense of want; then faith enough to try to satisfy the want. If the action we take is successful, we *repeat* it, trying to improve on it. If this course proves successful, by the process of repetition the action becomes less and less consciously performed, and there comes a time when we are satisfied with the performance, keep on repeating it subconsciously when it is required, and pass on to other interests. This can be illustrated simply by learning to ride a bicycle. A more complicated series of actions in an acquisition may be illustrated in learning by

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heart a list of historical dates. One begins at the beginning of the list, repeats the first few until they are memorized. Then one *begins at the beginning again*, adds a few, goes on repeating from the beginning until the new few are memorized. Then one goes back to the beginning again, adds a few more, and so the process goes on. Notice that, as the process goes on, the earlier the part of the series the more it is epitomized, until the time comes when the earlier parts are skipped through and the memory slows down in proportion to the infrequency of repetition. We are progressively unconscious of the earlier parts, becoming conscious of the parts more recently memorized. A still more complicated series of actions in an acquisition may be illustrated by learning to play the piano. At first one is conscious of how one sits, how one holds arms, hands, and fingers, conscious of the notes on the paper. By repetition ('practising') a pianist can become so proficient that he is unconscious of how he sits, how he manipulates arms, hands, and fingers, dispense with printed music, play a most complicated piece and yet be able to conduct a conversation at the same time—an inconceivable number of actions have become unconscious while the mind proceeds to further acquisitions.

Now notice that every living thing begins as an apparently simple cell of protoplasm. As it grows, it recapitulates, however slightly, the life-history of its entire ancestry. In our own experience we do not attain conscious memory until two or three years after birth, and even after that, vast amounts of unconsciously inherited memories continue to be manifested.

Now notice that, if we consider the functionings of our bodies, we can discover that habits acquired early in our ancestry, such as the circulation of the blood, are performed unconsciously and without conscious control; actions acquired later in our ancestry, such as breathing, are normally subconscious and not controlled consciously but can become conscious and within limits be controlled consciously; actions acquired late in our ancestry, such as speech, are conscious and controlled consciously.

The coincidence of the biological Law of Recapitulation with the way in which memory operates leaves no reasonable alternative to the conclusion that heredity is based on memory inherited from the whole ancestry. As Samuel Butler said, while it is true that there is such a thing as jumping to conclusions, there is also such a thing as jumping away from them. Dürken, in *Experimental*

Analysis of Development, in 1932, emphasized the numerical impossibility of the existence in the gamete chromosomes of a gene or factor for every character. It would be like moving a civilization in a wheelbarrow.

Let us now recall Tyndall's statement in his famous Presidential Address to the British Association in 1874: 'By an intellectual necessity I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence and discern behind the matter which we, in our ignorance of the latent powers behind it, think to be dead, the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.' This is a conclusion of the utmost importance. The promise and potency of the whole universe is behind the visible universe: it embodies itself in atom, molecule, chemical element, virus, bacterion, protoplasmic cell, protozoon, metazoon, plants, animals, man. We come back to what Greeks discovered long ago, that in the universe is *logos*.

In our minds there is a supra-conscious stratum through which new and higher experience comes to us.¹ This is what Keats called 'the penetralium of mystery'; one had, he said, to be receptive in order to get its benefactions—one had to have what he called 'negative capability'.²

But the matter does not end there. The most significant fact in experience is that we do not take the world and its way for granted but find them strange. I do not identify myself with my body or even with my mind³: I operate through them both, I observe them both, and I find them strange. We criticize what we find in the world, in some instances with wholehearted revulsion and repudiation.

The pilot of a crashing aeroplane can choose between killing women and children, on the one hand, and dying horribly, on the other. If he chooses the latter, the world does not regard him as a fool but admires him. This is the ultimate faith—in this case, in absolute loyalty to goodness. Similarly, when a man stands by his discovery of truth to the uttermost or when the artist is absolutely loyal to his vision of beauty and serves it even if he starves in doing so, we find the absolute faith—in truth and beauty in these cases.

Full 'inspiration' occurs when the supra-conscious succeeds in

¹ Surely it is legitimate to infer that at every stage in evolution there is supra-conscious mind operating.

² 'I do not invent my best ideas: I find them.' Huxley, *op. cit.* p. 67

³ Mr Aldous Huxley has written, 'In relation to the subjective "I," the mind is outside it.' *ibid.*

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uniting the unconscious, the subconscious, and the conscious mind in its service. In the subconscious and unconscious we inherit the concentrated experience of our entire ancestry and this experience, infinitely richer than that retained in the conscious memory, can be used as symbolism to mediate transcendent experience. Coleridge writing *The Ancient Mariner* was able instantaneously to draw upon an infinity of ideas in his experience, in his unconscious and subconscious mind, and organize them into a completely new unity.¹ All creative writers have testified that when the creative time comes, it is as if they became amanuenses.² 'The artist leads his imagination, makes its course for it, removes obstacles, holds it from gadding erratically after this or that passing fancy, thinks for it, and finally produces with it an admirable whole,'³ i.e. the conscious mind of the artist, while accepting from the supra-conscious mind and the other strata, gives to what he receives the benefit of his conscious knowledge and skills.

Such people as these referred to in the last paragraphs are revealers of transcendent reality. By faith in such, people confirm their own truer experience and grope their way towards reality. Absolute loyalty to truth, goodness and beauty is the way to God.

R. F. RATTRAY

Appendix: Authoritative confirmation of views expressed in the article:

Freud: 'The so-called instincts of animals can be explained only thus: that they carry into their new existence the experience of their kind, i.e., they have preserved in their mind memories of what their ancestors experienced.'

For the validity of the Law of Recapitulation, see de Beer: *Embryos and Ancestors*.

Jung wrote of 'the phylogenetic substructure of the mind. It brings into our experience a psychic life belonging to a remote past. As the body is a sort of museum of its phylogenetic history, so is the mind. This psychic life is the mind of our ancestors.'

Sherrington wrote: "'I" am continuously related in the momentary tension of action and reaction to my mind, which is the product of past, and the organ of present, experience and which is, during bodily life, similarly related to my body, which is similarly related to its surround.'

McDougall noted the necessity of explaining such phenomena as infant genius and found the explanation in inherited memory.

¹ See Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*.

² The latest to hand: '... happiness of the same kind as that which a poet feels when verses come to him from beyond the range of his conscious powers.' Morgan, *Challenge to Venus*, pp. 23-4.

³ Shaw.

WHAT WE OWE LORD HALIFAX

1. *Fulness of Years*. By the Earl of Halifax. (Collins, 25s.)
2. *The Fateful Years*. By the Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton. (Muller, 30s.)
3. *The Uncertain Ally*. By John Biggs-Davison, M.P. (Chr. John-son, 15s.)

LORD HALIFAX and Mr Dalton are both Etonians. Both came from homes moulded by strong churchmanship: the father of one was a canon of Windsor for forty years; the father of the other was the most devout and dynamic layman in the Church of England. But how different the two are in their approach to life and affairs! Mr Dalton is one of the most pugnacious members of the Labour Party and as such writes an account of the years from 1931 to 1945 with the punch and zest of a revolutionary who during those years found virtue in Stalin and pretended its opposite was in the chiefs of Conservatism; he seems to think that, because both Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain knew the evils of Communism, they had no reforming zeal, no feeling for the working man whom they employed. Like Sir Winston Churchill, Dalton thought war with Germany necessary; and was determined to make it a means of solid revolution. In telling his story of this he is full of interest, for he is smiting all the time. But for him, though there are plenty of Conservatives in the troops of Midian, there can never be a Russian.

Lord Halifax has to deal with issues much the same; but his tone never deviates from mildness. He is out not to smite his enemies, for the reason that he has none. *He* has always been ready to listen to the other side; he disliked the House of Commons for its readiness to score points in a party debate. Truth, as he discerned early, is in the weighing of evidence and wisdom in accommodating oneself to the middle way. 'Edward is very conciliatory,' his father used to say—he was moulded early by the charm and the courtesy of a father whose piety never prevented him from being kittenish, and who, after a turn at Court with King Edward VII as Prince of Wales, dedicated his life to the hope of healing

schism by devotion to the Person and Real Presence of the Redeemer with a romantic appreciation of Catholic tradition and revival. From his youth till he was over ninety, he was a knight errant for Church unity, and was captain for all who would come to his banner. His son appreciated and cared for the cause and though his was a career in the politics from which his father withdrew, he yet imbibed a sacramental religion which brought him from day to day as dominant fact the presence of Christ in his life. 'If I had to say what point in my father's teaching carried principal emphasis for us as children, I would without doubt say it was the double aspect of Communion and sacrifice in the service of Holy Communion and the real Presence of Our Lord in that service.' Based upon that was the intense personal love of Our Lord, 'truly to be approached and known through the attempt to assist in humility and faith at these Divine Mysteries in union with all the Company of Heaven . . . the privilege of Communion becoming ever more immeasurable. . . . In some such fashion, I think, my father trained us to feel about what was for him the rock and foundation of his faith.'

Having thus stated what counted most for him in his hopes, anxiety, sorrows, or doubts in relation to life and those he loved all through life from boyhood on, he then with gentle humour tells his story of Yorkshire, Eton, Oxford, and Parliament from his homes at Hickleton and Temple Newsam (where his aunt had reigned in what has been called the Hampton Court of the North till she died, and bequeathed it to him with a large part of her immense fortune) in that beginning of this century when the standards of aristocracy were nobly maintained and good manners were next to godliness. In it children were very happy though they were by no means allowed to do what they liked. 'In these days,' his father said once to the present writer, 'people are always deferring to their children. I never deferred to mine.' Later in America his son could observe how children brought up their parents—erring very often on the side of severity.

The second chapter in this book is called 'Parliament.' It is meant to cover the years when the author was in the House of Commons. So let us not be surprised if 'Parliament' begins with several pages on hunting, some are given to travel, some to war. Among its items is that Lord Onslow (father-in-law) advised him

that concentrating on 'buses and their fares would be a good way to win the respect of the House, which did not like new members to be too ambitious. He tells us too that when Bonar Law was asked by the Speaker, then J. G. Lowther, if as Opposition Leader he approved the uproar his followers were making, he answered, 'I do not presume to criticize, sir, what you consider your duty; but I know mine, and that is not to answer any such question.'

His chapter on 'Friends and Friendship' covers visits to Hatfield with a description of Alice Lady Salisbury as the perfect hostess: 'gay, cheering everybody within reach of it by her infectious and captivating laughter, witty, wise, full of recollections of persons and things, putting everybody completely at their ease, never appearing to have a care in the world except to enjoy her guests and help them to enjoy themselves.' Hatfield after his own home, Garrowby, was his favourite haunt.

And this introduces the subject of what is called 'Moral Re-Armament,' in which Lord Salisbury—it will surprise some to learn—was deeply interested. It never conflicted with his lifelong piety as a churchman.

With Lady Salisbury as hostess the author puts Lady Astor: 'There never could be a dull moment when she was within reach. Her sense of humour was untiring and her histrionic gifts supplied the perfect instrument by which both to express and gratify it. Her energy was inexhaustible. She swam, she golfed, she played tennis, and talked all day and all night.'

Another house Lord Halifax visited was Welbeck, where he found the whole neighbourhood enthusiastic in its devotion to his hostess. Both she and her husband radiated sympathy, pleasure, and welcome. 'The Duke, if there were some great function at Welbeck attracting crowds of visitors, would stroll about among them as though he had known them all his life.' He did the work of a prince and took kings in his stride. 'I am not sure,' he once said to the present writer, 'that I care to make them my boon companions.' The Duchess joined him in playing his almost royal part and the people in the villages would line the streets to see 'Our Duchess' drive by. His sister, Lady Ottoline Morrell, played a similar part of princess and patron in the world of letters, as ready to receive the confidences of D. H. Lawrence as to exchange hers with Lord David Cecil. She gave endless sympathy to obscure

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writers and was the intimate of those who believed themselves on the topmost rung. Like willowherb in desolated areas, she bloomed in Bloomsbury. Lord Halifax might have met her at Welbeck, but she did not get as far as Garrowby, and did not take Lambeth in her stride.

Lord Halifax, on the other hand, was the special friend of prelates: Davidson, Lang, and Temple, whom he judged to be a much simpler character than his predecessor. This Archbishop was so vigorous in his own zest in life that he showed little sign of concern with ought else; at times he was wholly absorbed in the analysis of the subject of his thought: Lang could be easy at a simple gathering of village people, and at other times appeared the conscious heir of a line of Archbishops who made him feel his succession an absorbing drama in which he was the protagonist, absorbed in the spectacle of his own performance. He was a Shakespearean Wolsey who, on leaving Lambeth, could declaim the words, 'If it were not for the gracious kindness of my sovereign, I know not where I should have found to lay my aged head'; yet, like Sir Herbert Warren, always ready for a thoughtful kindness to the young or the poor. This chapter of the book ends with an appreciation of marriages in the next generation and delight in grandchildren.

What does Lord Halifax say of those controversial periods of his career when he held high office: Viceroy of India (selected by the King himself), Foreign Secretary at the time of Munich, Ambassador to the complex Roosevelt of Lend Lease without shooting war, as of Quebec, Casablanca, Teheran, and Yalta. His tone is gentle but his statements do not lack firmness; and they are meant to express a view markedly divergent from the views of Sir Winston Churchill and the pages he has written against his predecessors in the premiership. If Lord Halifax has no enemies he is no pacifist when it comes to defending his friends from false statements about them. He listened to both sides, but when he had made up his mind he was true to his family motto: 'I Like My Choice.'

Take first India. He brings up the point whether there should have been Indians on the Simon Commission. He took the view—then sustained by all around him—that if Indians and Labour Members joined they would control the Commission. But in fact the Indians in their annoyance combined to boycott it. So strong

was the indignation they expressed that the Viceroy suggested to the Labour Party which had come into office a round-table conference on the definite promise of Dominion Status. When he put this recommendation before Wedgwood Benn, he found it bitterly attacked by certain Conservatives, among whom were his former Chief, Winston Churchill, and close friends like George Lloyd and Lord Salisbury, not to speak of Lloyd George, who was far from being a friend. He insisted that unless India was promised what Canada and Australia enjoyed she would leave the Empire. 'How different,' he writes, 'might have been the Indian reaction if in place of these outbursts the response had taken the form of saying that of course as to purpose there would be no dispute and that whatever difficulties might be in the way, it would be the proud privilege of British and Indians working together to remove them.' He does not doubt that the reaction of these Conservatives had the effect of pushing the Indians towards a demand for full independence, which in the end was given without due safeguards. 'The blame must rest on British shoulders. . . . Seldom can a small minority have been able to affect more powerfully and more unfortunately the fate of a great constitutional enterprise.' In other words, seldom have so few done so much harm to so many!

It prevented the whole thing being worked out harmoniously before the war, and this in spite of the Baldwin Government pressing on with reform, urged by Lord Templewood with a grasp of his subject that can never have been surpassed. 'It was an astounding achievement.' All that came too late to work the federation which Lord Halifax had at heart and his judgment is severe. 'History will rank the destruction of the British gift to India of unity as the greatest of the tragedies that accompanied the end of British control, and will judge hardly those, whether British or Indian, to whom it will impute responsibility for the loss.'

It has been thought that this Viceroyalty was one in which order was sacrificed to political agitation: but here again one must beware of false impressions. If there is a great surge of national feeling, force will only make it explosive. Besides, this Viceroy tells an effective story of how he faced both Gandhi and an outcry when he insisted on an agitator being hanged for outrages, and how he won Gandhi over to cope with the agitation. At the end of his term of office, innumerable messages showed how many and warm

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were his friends in every part of India. Among the tributes was one from young Englishmen in Bombay: 'We shall live in an atmosphere foreign to that in which the older generation of Europeans have done their work. The Europeans who are soon to take a helping hand are men like ourselves who have not yet reached the age of thirty-five. We believe that the burden which your statecraft places upon our shoulders is one which no adventurous Englishman would wish to cast down.'

Six months after the Viceroy had returned to London he was invited by Baldwin to become Foreign Secretary. This he refused because he thought that the diehards who had opposed his Indian policy would be the more distrustful in the scheme of general disarmament to which Ramsay MacDonald was committed. Four years later Baldwin appointed him to the War Office. There he could estimate at once the exact degree of Britain's weakness; and the person he knew to be most to blame for it was—who but Winston Churchill? And why? Because when Churchill was Chancellor of the Exchequer the rule had been made, and established in five years' usage, that for ten years after each successive budget no major war was to be in view. This had led to, and combined with, a wave of pacifism which was at its highest when, as a result of misery in Germany, Hitler came into power in 1933. Meanwhile Britain's armament industry had been wrecked; and her voice accordingly counted for little in the increasing strain and tension of Europe.

When Neville Chamberlain became Prime Minister, Lord Halifax was asked as Lord President of the Council to join with Eden in the supervision of Foreign Affairs. They worked most cordially together, and Eden cheerfully left in the hands of his friend the control of affairs when he was out of England. At such a time Halifax received Roosevelt's tentative offer of an international conference. Lord Halifax insists on what Lord Templewood has already made clear that Roosevelt was not prepared to push on with his tentative proposal, and that Eden had not the slightest reason to feel resentment at what was done in his absence. He said nothing of the kind at the time, and as for Roosevelt feeling rebuffed about a proposal he had made before submitting it to his Secretary of State, who would not have it, Roosevelt himself made it clear to Lord Halifax that he himself felt nothing of the kind.

This is a point which Lord Halifax discussed with Roosevelt personally and the evidence is final. It is imperative to insist on this because of the statements which had been given such wide currency through Sir Winston's memoirs. History will show how many are the inaccuracies which have found entrance into them. The corrections made in this book are very very gently made, but they must be carefully noted. For Lord Halifax knows, as many a Tory of his age has confessed, that 'Winston can be very very naughty.'

He is throughout much less the party man wanting to score a point for his side than the man of conciliation looking for good wherever it is to be found, and seeing that all have some justification for their point of view. He seeks, therefore, in dealing with the whole question of the relations of Neville Chamberlain to show the truth of what happened. Why did Eden resign in 1938? The real difference was whether it was worth while to try to win Mussolini away from Hitler. The tradition of the Chamberlains was regard for Mussolini; the feeling of Eden was antipathy and distrust. But there is a point of paramount importance which Lord Halifax omits: it is the attitude which they both took towards Russia. The delusion which the Churchill-Eden-Roosevelt policy cherished was that Stalin could be relied upon in the struggle with Hitler. What Eden said amounted to this: 'Mussolini, no. Stalin, yes.' And this question came to a head over Spain, where Stalin and Mussolini were both engaged. That Eden came down very strongly on the side of Stalin was so well known in Spain at the time that, travelling there in the following year, the present writer often heard the words, 'We regard the fall of Eden as the equivalent of a great military victory.'

Lord Halifax regretted the resignation of Eden, which at the time he was heard to say that he could not understand. For Eden had said that in Chamberlain he welcomed a Prime Minister who took an interest in Foreign Affairs, and did not leave the whole responsibility to himself, as Baldwin had done.

Nor of course could Eden have any quarrel with the broad lines in which Chamberlain on assuming power defined his foreign policy: to put an end to drift, to face the Hitler danger squarely, to allow nothing to justify German resentment, and to win for England all possible allies on the Continent.

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Was Russia a possible ally? That was the crucial question. Lord Halifax shows that she was not, and that this was so well known to Eastern Europe that they would not ally themselves with Russia! 'An intelligent rabbit could hardly be expected to welcome the protection of an animal ten times its own size whom it credited with the habits of a boa constrictor.' Those who are critical of everything Chamberlain did insist that he pushed Russia towards Hitler, but, says Lord Halifax, 'I never believed in 1939 that this was a correct diagnosis nor has anything that has happened since given me cause to change my view.' What determined Stalin's policy was Russia's interest. What was that? First to recover what Russia had lost in the first war and secondly to gain time. Why should they do anything to risk a clash with Hitler? Russia's policy is never guided either by quixotry or by high international principles.

And what at that time was Britain's policy? To resist aggression, an aggression which was holding the world to ransom. So Lord Halifax in June 1939 defined it. It was neither he nor Chamberlain, but Eden in the time of Baldwin, who gave currency to the term 'appeasement.'

Then why Munich? Lord Halifax insists that when *he took over the Foreign Office he took over the control of Foreign Policy*. Then, it may be asked, how could he combine the Munich affair with the idea of resisting aggression? This is a capital question. His answer is that for long years (owing it must be remembered to the original Churchill policy of retrenching on armaments) Britain had been unprepared for war; that after the seizure of Austria, Czechoslovakia was open to attack from that side; and that the Empire was not united to fight over that issue. So at that moment the Foreign Secretary had to pursue a policy of compromise. He could not jump into a field where he saw no chance of jumping out.

Lord Strang has told with what confidence Chamberlain asked him to prepare an agreement with Hitler about settling differences by arbitration and how readily Hitler signed it. To have this declaration, to have avoided war over a debatable issue with the Empire divided, and to meet the not less than frenzied acclaim of Londoners and of the world gave Chamberlain a feeling of relief and triumph which at an emotional moment tempted him to the unfortunate expression 'Peace in our time.' This put a weapon in the hands of his adversaries, but it did not make Munich wrong.

The instinct of the people then was against war, as it had been in 1936. But where would a country be if the instinct of its people was not against war as long as it could be avoided?

In the course of 1939 it became clear to all that war was not to be avoided. It was a curious element of that time that Sir Winston and his henchmen allied themselves with the left not merely to do what the government was doing in resisting aggression, but to urge an entente with Russia which, when at last it was forced on them by Hitler, led to what we all know far too well.

Nothing that could have been done then would have saved the situation. It was lost two years before by two things: the lack of pressure on Germany in earlier years and still more by the lack of any constructive policy for Germany in the years before Hitler came to power.

Lord Halifax records how at the time of Dunkirk, Churchill knew that an accommodation with Hitler was possible, but that he thought it would mean the enslavement of Europe, and that he must advise against it whatever the consequences; though he admitted many an honest man might disagree with him. One of those consequences was that Eden became Foreign Secretary, that Britain in a short time became the ally of Russia, while Halifax went as Ambassador to Roosevelt.

Once arrived there he seems to have thrown himself into the Stalin policy which the Roosevelt-Eden-Churchill combination had, even before the war, made their own, and which meant such a jolt for Churchill first at Teheran, then at Yalta. With regard to this Lord Halifax prefers to say nothing at all: his account of Roosevelt is wholly favourable, and he attributed the trouble with Russia to the fact that Truman could not be expected at once to grasp what was the position that Roosevelt had left him. Being still Ambassador—but now under the Labour Government—when Sir Winston made his famous Fulton speech, Lord Halifax even advised Churchill that when Stalin made a fierce reply here was the chance to be conciliatory and sketched the line that conciliation could take. But by that time sweet words to Stalin had as far as Sir Winston was concerned come—not unnaturally—to an end.

So the record of this book is always amiable. If the author does correct Churchill, it is in the gentlest tone, even when the statements are most definite. At this point Lord Halifax had no longer

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responsibility for foreign policy, and he is content to tell his story of friendship with America and Americans, though he does not disguise his impatience with Cordell Hull in regard to what the United States was doing in the Argentine. That all was well he does not pretend. But where the prospect of politics appears hopeless he moves back to the sphere of spiritual reality: unless the whole idea of a personal God and of divine providence and ordering in the world was delusion, those who would win this war must think of themselves as in true sense instruments of the divine will and purpose. 'It was necessary to pray constantly that we might not fail either in acceptance of the charge or of the opportunity it brought.'

But did the victors really think of themselves as instruments of the divine purpose? Did they do so now any more than Clemenceau had done in 1919? If not, the whole war effort might prove to have been an escape from one danger to fall into another. It is difficult to conceive of the Bolshevik alliance as other than fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. In how short a time both Britain and America were making an ally of the Germany they thought Hitler had hopelessly corrupted!

And then with regard to America? Is it not certain that the Americans have very naturally put their own interests before those of others? Mr Biggs-Davison, a Conservative M.P., has just produced a book on Anglo-American relations called *The Uncertain Ally*. Here and there in these memoirs there is a hint of its warning. It does not forbear to put the questions whether America was worthy of the responsibility thrust upon it, and whether Britain and America could remain united. An American points to the danger for the world if this fails.

On such themes Lord Halifax preferred not to speak. When he cannot say anything courteous and conciliatory he is silent. But that does not mean that he is not alive to such questions as Mr Biggs-Davison courageously raises. It does not do to drift and it would be perfectly absurd to pretend that America has jumped to the position where she can do what the British Empire has done.

The British played their part not because they put trade first and were always rushing in to press a business interest, but because as part of Europe and heirs of its tradition, they could offer the spheres in which they were interested the advantages of a tradition and culture where spiritual values united with the performance of

a function. Democracy was not their word, nor did they combine with it the ruthless pushing of their own business. They had things which won them the respect of other races and which enabled their own to develop and civilize new areas. In so far as they kept to their high moral principles they succeeded. But as Lord Halifax grew older, he survived as an example which the British were losing. If they do lose it, they will not regain their strength.

The weakness of the Churchill policy was that it made both Britain and Europe subservient to the United States, which in their turn encouraged Russia to make fearful encroachments on Europe and Asia. Sir Winston Churchill could hardly deny that the task of the next fifty years is for Europe and the British Commonwealth to win back something of what he—in his five-year pact with Roosevelt—lost in their subservience to Stalin. Mr Biggs-Davison gives the warning that neither Europe nor our Commonwealth should be asked to sacrifice their mutual good to the dominant interests of American business. Lord Halifax leaves us a winning example of what the Englishman of tradition and principle gave and still ought to give to a changing world.

ROBERT SENCOURT

FRENCH NATIONALISM TO-DAY

IN the memories of men alive in 1900 French nationalism has not hitherto enjoyed a very good name. Those who did not look upon it with distrust and suspicion considered that at the least it was headed the wrong way. For one thing, the methods of one notorious nationalist element in France—the Action française association—were repellent. The street brawling and defiance of the police by these nationalists seemed to little purpose. They would march like infantry in line down the Grand Boulevards in Paris. The police would charge on foot, and they would come running back scattering café tables and sending the glass flying as they went. The un-offending café customers were lucky when they escaped nasty cuts, and the café proprietors had to foot the bill for *les pots cassés*. The leaders of this element, in their newspapers and in some of their books, were virulent in denunciation of the government and odious in their personal attacks. More than one public figure was alleged to have been hounded to his death. It would have needed an exceptionally constructive nationalist policy to cause all this misbehaviour to be condoned. The policy of the Action française seemed to be nothing of the kind.

For the sake of their nationalism the members demanded the restoration of the French throne, and that too made them a little ridiculous, because by then monarchism in France was all too obviously a lost cause. It is true that the leader of the movement, Charles Maurras, argued in a famous pamphlet, *Faites un roi; sinon faites la paix*, that only a king could put the country in a proper state of defence, and that this was something of which a republic was incapable. But defence might have been on a smaller scale if they themselves had not been bellicose. They were anti-German. Indeed, the real weakness of French nationalism both before and after World War I was its xenophobia, a xenophobia which is alleged to have been ignobly inspired. Lord Percy of Newcastle has lately gone so far as to say: 'The nationalism which the school of Maurras and Barrès tried to foist on France between the wars was an artificial imitation of an envied Germany, and proved

only that all nations are liable to fits of all aberrations.'¹ That, as we shall see, was a superficial verdict and an unjust one. Yet Maurras and his friends almost welcomed the war that came in 1914. They believed that it would not be too high a price to pay for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. No doubt they were opposed to France's going to war in 1939, and yet on that occasion also they had done much to inflame French sentiment.

There were of course other nationalists, and the fall of France in 1940 brought two into prominence. One was Marshal Pétain, the other General de Gaulle. The end that both of them wanted was the same, although they diverged fundamentally about how to attain it. Both betrayed the want of a sense of reality, Pétain during the German occupation, de Gaulle afterwards as well. Maurras staked his all on Pétain, and found after the liberation in 1944 that he was to share Pétain's fate. Like Pétain, he was abandoned by all but a few devoted spirits and was condemned to pass the remainder of his old age in prison.

So it was that by 1945 French nationalism had become the Cinderella of political faiths, and General de Gaulle's subsequent behaviour, while either at the head of affairs or in retirement, did nothing to retrieve it. This was, however, the very moment when nationalism assumed a fresh and enlarged importance. A novel alternative to it was then bulking more largely in the political landscape, and to thoughtful and ageing men not only in France but all over Western Europe—thoughtful and ageing men like the late F. A. Voigt in England—it seemed that a new and urgent duty had been thrust upon them. The new alternative was one they felt they were called upon to resist by all the means in their power. For a French nationalist who had survived from before 1914 the new hostile front, so to speak, demanded no break in policy. Although he interpreted the new alternative as a menace, he recognized that it was but the development of something he had contended with already in those far-off days.

In France, during the years which immediately preceded 1914, at a time Europe was being tossed from one international crisis to another, and there was the First Balkan War and then the Second Balkan War—both of them omens of the coming storm—anti-militarism was rampant. As a result, the period of military service

¹ *The Heresy of Democracy* (1955), p.78 fn.

was cut down. That would have been all very well if the chanceries on the Continent had been pacifist. But they were the opposite of pacifist, and French anti-militarism was at work in blank disregard of the realities of the international situation. The French nationalists of that time fought anti-militarism tooth and nail, but they did not fight it in a vacuum. They had regard to the warlike attitude of several French factions and to the commitments of France to Russia. Ultimately they succeeded in getting French military service restored to its former length. The anti-militarists retorted. They called upon the French workers not to obey their calling-up notices. Instead they were to gather along the Franco-German frontier and fraternize with their German brethren, who would be waiting to reciprocate. It will be remembered that at the end of the Nobel Prize novel *Jean Barois*, the hero, upon hearing that war is being declared, hastens to Basle, believing that from that belvedere he may witness the citizen-soldiers of France and Germany inaugurate the brotherhood of man. We know how completely he was disappointed. There were no friendly accolades or holding of hands along the Vosges in August 1914. But the queer doctrine of the brotherhood of man was not relinquished on that account. The League of Nations and the United Nations Organization can both be said to have arisen from that doctrine, and in the meanwhile it was undergoing transformation. To-day it has become the theory of 'One World.'

The corollary of this 'One World' theory is of course the teaching that nationality and national sovereignty are outmoded and outworn. They are said to have served their turn. It is asserted that instead mankind should now be vouchsafed the benefits of the super-state. The ultimate objective, we are assured, is world government, one government for the whole world. In the meantime a first step held to be desirable is the formation of a United States of Europe, or, it is suggested alternatively, of an Atlantic Union.

The proposal may not only turn men who were once simple Liberals into ardent nationalists of the Right; an old-fashioned nationalist of pre-1914 it is also likely to fill with despair. Of the immediate associates of Charles Maurras in that distant era, the most prominent—and very likely the only active—survivor is M. Henri Massis. Now just past his seventy-second birthday, M. Massis can look back on a long career of authorship; for his first

book came out in 1906. He is a Roman Catholic—it was Péguy, killed in action in 1914, who brought him to the point of conversion—and he has personified a Catholic nationalism that is peculiarly French. In the latest of his books,¹ he calls attention to the increasing propaganda being carried on in favour of a super-state for Europe, and urges Frenchmen, for their own sake, to resist the idea to the utmost. What he writes in this respect seems to me to be of the widest topical interest. But I cannot help feeling that he aims at the wrong target. I am the more confident of this that he misdirected his aim once before, and has actually reprinted in the present new volume the *corpus delicti*.

This is that *Défense de l'Occident* which, in being translated into English in 1927, diffused the name of M. Massis over here and across the Atlantic. It is a work in which he considered some German thinkers who were then popular—Keyserling, Spengler, and Rudolf Steiner were the chief of them—and reproached them with spreading mistaken and, in his opinion, deleterious teachings in France. As the Germans in question were being widely read in England and the United States as well as in France, the translation seemed opportune. But the international appeal of the book was due to a misunderstanding on the part of the author, to what I referred to as his misdirected aim. He accused his selected Germans—with one or two Hindus thrown in—of wishing to corrupt the French reading public and lead it astray. For him, their writings were another example of German (and oriental) wickedness. But of course it was of his fellow-Frenchmen that he should have complained. For writers to be accused of plotting against readers for whom their books have to be translated is preposterous. French men and women who chose to read the books were under no compulsion. Still less were they obliged to swallow what the books contained. If they were incapable of penetrating the fallacies and sophistries which M. Massis claimed to expose, that was too bad, but the authors could hardly be held to blame. That is what M. Massis failed to see. And as he imagined that there was a plot on the part of Germans, so now, more than thirty years later, he imagines that there is a plot on the part of Americans.

The propaganda now being carried on in favour of a United States of Europe is, he says, mainly if not entirely American. Yet,

¹ *L'Occident et son Destin* (Paris: Grasset, 975 francs).

needless to point out, there will be no United States of Europe without the consent and approval of the peoples concerned. Plotters are always preferably anonymous, and he refers with appropriate mystery to 'leading Americans.' He names nobody. He is content to say that 'leading Americans' have two reasons for wanting to see the independent countries of Western Europe amalgamated. The first is in their fear of Communism, and in their anxiety to arrest the spread of it. For they feel that if it goes on spreading the expansion of the United States in the world at large will be gravely checked. He quotes James Burnham to the effect that a preventive war waged upon Russia would not eradicate Communism. Ideas, he points out, are not eradicated by military defeat or scorched earth. Witness North Korea. At best the leading exponents of the ideas are either killed or persecuted into temporary silence. The ideas themselves live on, provided they are vital. He says that it seems to his nameless leading Americans accordingly that the best way to arrest the spread of Communism is to convert Western Europe to Americanism—to the American way of life. That will make the inhabitants of the United States immune. So it has been decided to subject Western Europe to what he calls 'a moral colonization,' and efforts to this end are already being exerted. The movies, periodicals, information services, and the mingling of American troops with the inhabitants of the countries of Western Europe—in such efforts all play a part.

If the fear of Communism is the first of the two reasons why 'leading Americans' want to see a United States of Europe, the second is their recent recognition that in America itself the melting-pot is not doing its work. Immigrants from the Old World fail to become fully Americanized. They seem unable to overcome a nostalgia for whatever particular European culture they have forsaken. Instead of growing indistinguishable from the men and women who are American-born, they gravitate to this or that expatriate clan. Carried far enough, this would fill the wide spaces of the country with unassimilated minority groups. It would constitute a source of instability. Now if only the people who renounce the Old World geographically for the New were already Americanized before they set out, they would no longer want to cling to the Old World spiritually. And if there is a federal government for all Western Europe, then it is expected that the American way

of life' will readily take root there. That is the second reason which M. Massis alleges for American designs, but he advances no evidence to show that it is actually influencing American policy.

Where he is unmistakably right is in pointing out that there are American designs on Europe. Various influential Americans have publicly either advanced proposals or else uttered exhortations intended to bring about the abolition of nationality and sovereignty in Western Europe, or at least their severe reduction. Since M. Massis published his book, his statements in this respect have been strikingly confirmed here in England. Mr John Biggs-Davison, M.P., is, like M. Massis, a Roman Catholic. Like Sir Winston Churchill, he does not want to assist at the breaking up of the British Empire and Commonwealth. So he has written a book¹ in order to show the English people what the United States are up to. He calls attention, on the one hand, to the conditions which have been attached to Marshall Aid; and, on the other hand, he confirms the statements of M. Massis that there are deliberate American efforts to incite the countries of Europe to federate. Furthermore, unlike M. Massis, Mr Biggs-Davison gives names, places, and dates. As he remarks, in order to bring out the truth he has used many direct quotations.

He recalls that in October 1944 President Roosevelt made a speech in which he said: 'I intend to find jobs for sixty million Americans by trebling our exports.' His comment is: 'Britain and the rest of the world anxiously awaited the answer to the question how they were to be compelled or cajoled into absorbing the surplus production of sixty million Americans.'² One answer was, he says, proposed in 1946. Mr Bernard Baruch, while then addressing the Atomic Energy Commission in America, put forward a plan for decisions on atomic energy and on the punishment of violations of international atomic energy agreements not to be subject to the veto in the Security Council of the United Nations. This meant, as Mr Biggs-Davison explains, that the life of states was to be subject to a majority vote in the Security Council and that the United Nations Organization was to be virtually transformed into a world government.

No doubt the plan went no further than being put forward. It

¹ *The Uncertain Ally* (London, Christopher Johnson, 15s.).

² *Op. cit.*, p. 100.

was none the less significant. In 1946 too the countries of Western Europe were foolish enough to ask for financial and other aid from the United States, and the strings which were attached to the aid meant, according to Mr Biggs-Davison, the sacrifice of the discrimination and preference in imports which were essential to independence and recovery. As General Marshall, then American Secretary of State, said in his momentous speech at Harvard University in June 1947, for the sake of recovery and reconstruction, and under United States patronage, Europe was to be united. In 1949 came the North Atlantic Treaty. It entailed the formation of a joint army in which, under American guidance, the officers are trained to forget their own country and to consider themselves international. As Mr Biggs-Davison says, N.A.T.O. has been used for spreading 'grandiose notions of permanent Atlantic Union.' Since 1949 the propaganda has had no let-up. In May 1956 President Eisenhower, in a speech at Baylor University, called for a United States of Europe on the lines of the United States of North America. He said he hoped it would not be long delayed.

Altogether there is no doubt that potent forces are busy in the United States that aim at abolishing, attenuating, or neutralizing nationality in other countries, and particularly in Western Europe. To that extent M. Massis is on indisputable ground. But that does not mean that his aim is not misdirected. He overlooks—as in 1925 he overlooked the susceptibility and credulity of Frenchmen—that similar forces are busy in Europe itself. As regards Atlantic Union or a United States of Europe, nowhere are the advocates more insistent and untiring than on this side of the ocean. In July 1955, for instance, members of Parliament from fifteen N.A.T.O. countries assembled in Paris. There were one hundred and ninety of them, and, as was decided on that occasion, similar assemblies have been held each year since. The *Manchester Guardian* went so far as to predict that N.A.T.O. would soon have a real parliamentary assembly, and in the Canadian Senate it was proposed that this assembly should have a permanent secretariat in Paris.

A United States of Europe was first advocated in 1923. It was proposed by the Hungarian, Count R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, in a book, *Pan-Europa*, which he published in Vienna. Two years later the book appeared in translation in New York, and during World War II he was active in America enlarging his support. But

his first backers were in Europe. When in 1949 a Council of Europe was set up at Strasbourg, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi greeted the event as the first practical step on the road to the fulfilment of his dreams. Certainly in the course of the next few years there were repeated attempts to utilize the Council of Europe as a half-way house on the way to a super-state for Europe. Mr Biggs-Davison does not fail to point this out. He says: 'From the beginning the consultative assembly [or lower house of the Council of Europe] became the debating ground of those who wanted speedily to found a European political authority "with real powers."' ¹

In 1950 two plans were made known, both of them French. One was called the Schuman plan (for coal and steel), the other the Pleven plan. In both 'the supra-national intent,' Mr Biggs-Davison says, 'was plain.' In 1953 it was evidently believed that European amalgamation would be brought much nearer if there were set up, on the lines of the 'Coal and Steel Community' (the Schuman plan), a 'European Defence Community'; for this would mean not only an international army but also a concerted European 'foreign' policy. But although Frenchmen had a large share in promoting the scheme for a common European defence, it was rejected for the whole of Europe when it failed to pass the French Parliament. In its place there has since been put forward a plan for making nuclear power in Europe international. This is called Euratom, and is of French inspiration. It is openly proclaimed that the object will be to commit the governments joining to taking one or more further steps towards political integration.

In West Germany the forces working for European federation are vigorous and active, and there are eager elements in the smaller countries such as Belgium and Holland.² But it is in France that the campaign is most intense. It is waged in and outside the National Assembly. Periodicals have devoted special numbers to federation, and some Frenchmen say that everybody is a federalist now.

Indisputably, then, M. Massis, in accusing anonymous 'leading Americans' of striving to impose federation upon the reluctant peoples of Western Europe, and in treating this as a foreign conspiracy, is like an army commander who is aware of the presence

¹ *The Uncertain Ally*, p. 139.

² Switzerland alone remains apart and determined to retain full independence.

of only half the enemy hosts. In 1925 he accused Keyserling and other Germans of wanting to destroy the Græco-Latin heritage, when of course he ought to have condemned the French men and women who, in believing those German writers, were betraying that heritage. So to-day he accuses 'leading Americans' of working for the absorption of France and other West European countries, including England, into a super-state which he expects them to force upon the French, when he should at least be scolding a good number of his own countrymen at the same time for the same thing.

Evidently the old xenophobia of the Action française association must be still in his blood. The old European rivalries have been shrivelled by the pressure of the two mighty empires of East and West, and in addition farther away in Asia there is now a third colossus, numerically the largest of all. Yet M. Massis still thinks in terms of countries plotting and conspiring against one another. He does not seem to perceive how international the world has already grown. Even to a Roman Catholic novelist as distinguished as M. François Mauriac, this makes of him rather an enigma. M. Mauriac remarked in the *Figaro littéraire* the other day that M. Massis stands motionless and unmoved in the very place where he took his stand more than fifty years ago. Europe and the world beyond Europe have both changed in the interval. He has not adapted himself to the change.

His eclectic attitude helps us to see how French nationalism, after the melancholy downfall of Pétain and then, in 1946, the brusque retirement of General de Gaulle, gives no sign of revival. In the person of M. Massis it is not sensitive enough to the feeling of the hour for it to quicken the imagination and stir the heart of ordinary men and women. Then there is another trouble. French nationalists since 1940 have been irremediably divided. Reconciliation looks out of the question. M. Massis may be described as a former Pétainiste. Like Maurras, he strongly supported the reforms attempted by the Marshal. Indeed, he was at Pétain's side to the very end, and wrote one of his last 'messages' to the French people. To-day as in 1944 Pétainistes are under a cloud. It is true that, so far as M. Massis personally is concerned, there has been forgiveness or forgetfulness. In November 1956 he was a candidate for the French Academy. But the position of a Pétainiste in France to-day is such that he has not the self-confidence to speak stirring

words. The same must be said, of course, of Gaullistes. They had their chance and now nobody will listen. In addition, there is the division I have spoken of. Gaullistes will not speak to Pétainistes, and the latter are bound to retaliate. Against the rising tide of internationalism, French nationalism at the moment can be no more effectual than Canute.

This is the greater pity that, thanks to the contrast provided by the new internationalism, nationalism seems to have a stronger case than it was ever credited with before. Maurras and his friends may have stated it fragmentarily, but they have stated it as well as anybody.

In 1941 Marshal Pétain, while 'Head of the French State,' announced the early restoration of the pre-revolutionary French provinces. The intention was too strongly opposed for fulfilment. But it was formed as part of an effort to carry out the teaching of Maurras. He and his friends were indeed urging the diametrically opposite of the federalists, the super-staters, and the one-worlders of our day. They demanded the fullest possible amount of local independence. In place of the omniscient state, they wanted government to be as limited and loose as possible. They were against the trend for government to become a combination of parent, landlord, employer, and despot. They wanted the duties of government confined to being a protector and an arbiter. They held that the central power in the state should deal only with essentials. Naturally it had to direct foreign policy and to control defence. Hence it had to have supply. But most of the other matters which have come to be dealt with by the modern state, they wished to see either in private hands or entrusted to local administration. That is why they extolled the *ancien régime*. They did not choose to remember that the centralization which they regarded as having been the nefarious achievement of the Revolution and Napoleon was already begun before 1789. Their lapse of memory is, however, of no consequence. What matters, when we have to consider whether nationality should be preserved or discarded, is their insistence on the human need of local independence and initiative.

They carried the same notions over to industry and agriculture. They naturally opposed state ownership of means of production, or in fact any needlessly gigantic and inflated undertaking. Likewise they opposed the existence of trade unions as bodies which

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carry on a perpetual and insoluble feud with employers. They held that in an industry the interests of masters and men are fundamentally identical, and they wanted them harmonized. We know from what was tried in Italy and Sweden, and especially from what is successfully being maintained in Portugal, that there is nothing fantastic or impractical about their proposals in this domain.

Here we see how superficial is Lord Percy of Newcastle's allegation that they were animated solely by envy of Germany. The basis of their social and economic programme was of course in their recognition of man as a responsible creature. I have said that M. Massis is a Catholic. Although Maurras lapsed in early manhood and did not return into the Church till he was on his deathbed, the political philosophy of the Action française movement was as much Christian as nationalist. The inspiration of its doctrine was the feeling that all men, or nearly all men, are the better for having responsibility in whatever measure suits them. That made them hostile to plans for the direction of human conduct by an ever higher and more remote governmental authority. They believed in authority being exercised on the lowest level, because they knew that wherever two or three gather together there will a leader appear. They extolled the group and the family.

If there is an 'American way of life,' they knew that there was also a European way of life and a French way of life within the European way. In short, the ultimate grounds on which Maurras and his now dead associates would have opposed the super-state, and the ultimate grounds on which their survivor, M. Massis, opposes it now, are grounds of culture. I use the word in the anthropological sense—in the sense that every community, every primitive tribe as well as every highly civilized people, has a culture. What a tribe or a people express by means of their institutions, their customs and habits, and their peculiar ways, as much as by means of their arts—that is their culture. It should be plain that the nature of any culture must be deeply affected by the character of the corresponding political system.

We saw above that one of the two reasons M. Massis assigns to his anonymous 'leading Americans' for wanting a United States of Europe is that they hope that the peoples of Europe will thereby become converted to the 'American way of life.' He thereby credits them with awareness of the intimate connection between practical

politics and culture. It may even be laid down that a culture conditions the corresponding politics, and that unless a common culture can be imposed upon Western Europe no political union will stand any chance of succeeding. It is in this necessity that the basic and insuperable objection to the federation of Europe on American lines may be said to lie. In comparison with each of the cultures of the present independent countries of Western Europe, a culture that was common to the whole geographical area they occupy would be shallow and crude. It is upon the diversity of culture that the rich heritage which has been handed down to all Europeans was gradually accumulated; it is only if the diversity is maintained that the heritage will be preserved and further enriched. Let the colossal empires of East and West establish what uniformity and conformity they think they must. Let China, with its 400 million people, attempt uniformity of culture if it likes. But let it also be remembered that, as Mr Biggs-Davison says, 'the diversity of Europe is as undoubted as her unity of remembrance and desire.'¹ He goes on to draw a striking parallel: 'The Thirteen Colonies of the North American seaboard were mainly homogeneous and owed allegiance to one Crown; had they not been already a nation there could have been no successful American Revolution.'

The American Irving Babbitt was attracted by the anti-romanticism of the Action française group. But he could not understand, he said,² why this had to be mixed up with politics and religion. Mr Biggs-Davison's words might have helped him to see that so long as he divorced his protest against certain 'tendencies in life and literature' from the effects of irreligion and of a particular political system, it would not induce any salutary change. The American people are very properly most proud of their political organization. They do not often reflect on its effect in their lives. It was to an American audience that Jan Huizinga, the Dutch historian, addressed the following words:

I do not know whether Americans can fully realize the necessity there is for Europe of preserving its division into many nations, and the fervent desire of all and any of these to maintain their specific national existence. I do not mean this politically so much as culturally. . . . It would be quite natural for you to say: why should not the European nations, after so many centuries of bitter strife, in the long run be merged into one vast unit? . . . Still, political harmony and concord is not the

¹ *The Uncertain Ally*, p. 137.

² *The New Laokoon* (1910), p. xiii.

one thing the world stands in need of. However indispensable to civilization peace and order may be, real civilization is not contained in them. They may even be a danger to it, should they be promoted by equalizing and levelling. What we envy you is your unity, not your uniformity. We Europeans feel too keenly that no nation, however prosperous or great, is fit to bear the burden of civilization alone.

Those words were spoken to Americans, but should they not also be taken to heart by the French people? Are the French people alive to the vital importance for them and for the rest of Europe of their nationality? They may now seem indifferent to nationalism, and yet the response which General de Gaulle obtained with his *Rassemblement* in 1947 and 1948 suggests that if only a nationalist leader arose who was also a realist he would not only gain French followers, but keep them.

MONTGOMERY BELGION

GREECE AND CYPRUS

I ARRIVED at Athens airport on a February morning in 1951. As I got out of the aeroplane I was told that a cocktail party was being given that evening for the officers of the Greek General Staff, and that it was hoped, were I not too tired after my journey, that I would attend. Naturally I was anxious to meet my future colleagues and I remember that throughout the whole evening, either in English, French, or through the medium of an interpreter, I listened to an endless recital of praise for my country, of the profound love, devotion, and admiration of Greece and the Greeks for Britain and her people, and of the indissoluble bonds of Anglo-Hellenic friendship.

When I recently left Greece, I left by car as dawn was breaking, picking my way through the streets of Salonica, littered with stones and broken glass from the previous days' anti-British riots. In just under seven years I had lived through the change whereby I, and all other Britons on Greek soil, were no longer honoured guests but detested foreigners, even enemies. During my last six months I had a double police guard on my house, day and night. On every wall and street corner were chalked slogans such as 'Down with England' or 'Death to the British,' and despite my position as Assistant Military Attaché my name had been struck off the list of guests at official functions and my own invitations were refused or ignored.

The reason, of course, for this brutal volte-face was the sudden violent backing by the Greek Government of the claim of certain Greek-speaking Cypriots for 'Enosis,' or the union of Cyprus with Greece.

It would be foolish to deny that, at the moment, there is a wave of nationalism sweeping the world, wherein the most obscure peoples are either being prodded into or awakening to a sense of their own national importance. In the restricted universe of to-day each one of these 'national' claims receives world-wide publicity and is frequently fostered by outside powers either for selfish ends

or sentimental idealism, both of which tend to exaggerate and fog in a welter of abstract verbiage the true aspects of the case.

As with France over the Algerian question, Britain, in her problems with Cyprus, is a prey to outside interference in what is purely a domestic matter; while at the same time public opinion at home is subjected to the attacks of that noisy group of erudite but biased idealists who call themselves philhellenes, for whom everything Greek is perfect, everything non-Greek vile, and anything opposing the slightest Greek whim, criminal. Yet if the Cyprus question is studied dispassionately it will be seen that Greek claims to the island are slender in the extreme.

Looking back to the earliest records of Cyprus we find that it was 'occupied' by Greeks from the Ionian Islands, who left their homes, in the same spirit as the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Britain, because they were not in agreement with their rulers and because they wished to start a new life far from the ties and hobbles of the homeland. It was no spirit of colonization or expansion which drove them to the shores of the island, but escapism. These fugitives, furthermore, had so little sense of 'motherland' or 'national unity' that, even on so small an area as Cyprus, they founded a number of individual city states, each one being strictly independent of the other.

Naturally so disunited a land could not hope to preserve its collective independencies, and through the succeeding centuries we find a succession of occupying powers: Egypt, Rome, Britain (Cœur de Lion), France (the Lusignan dynasty), Venice, and Turkey. In 1878, with the consent of the Sultan of Turkey, the first British troops landed as a gesture to discourage Russian expansion in the Middle East; and finally, in 1925, as a result of Turkey having sided with Germany in 1914, the island was proclaimed a Crown Colony. Historically, therefore, Greece has far less claim to Cyprus than ourselves, Turkey, France, Italy—if we may look upon Italy as the inheritors of Rome and Venice—or even Egypt.

However, since, despite its invalidity from a historical point of view, the claim for Enosis does exist as one of the problems before the eye of that malicious creature known as world opinion, an eye which often seems to suffer from ideological or egocentric cataract, it might be as well to look at the problem both from the Cypriot and the Greek as well as the British point of view.

Of the odd half million inhabitants of the island, approximately three-quarters speak a form of Greek dialect and are members of the Greek Orthodox Church. This fact is put forward as one of the major claims of the Enosis partisans. Yet in itself it is a very poor one. Britain and America speak the same language. Both are fundamentally Protestant. France and Belgium also speak the same language and are basically Roman Catholic. Hitler's justification of the Anschluss was no more and no less well founded than the argument in favour of Enosis. Yet when he occupied Vienna no one, except his crony Mussolini, hesitated to brand his *fait accompli* as a criminal act, though at the time the percentage of Austrians in favour of the Anschluss was probably higher than that of the Cypriots genuinely desirous of Enosis.

The roots of the claim for Enosis can in fact be attributed to two factors in the island life. Firstly the church and secondly the personal ambitions of certain well-to-do members of the professional classes. Both these cliques are activated by utterly selfish men who cloak their desire for self-advancement with pseudo-patriotic slogans.

When dealing with or discussing men like Archbishop Makarios, it must be remembered that throughout its history the Greek Orthodox Church has shown itself to be entirely political, occupied indeed so greatly with things temporal that matters spiritual take a very secondary place in the lives of its priests and prelates. It is characteristic of the Greek Church that, while outwardly willing to collaborate with the ruling authorities, if those authorities show their intention to rule, it is phenomenally quick to profit by the moment and make a vast parade of defiance if any sign of hesitation or weakness to enforce the law is discernible. Thus it was that by falling in step with the policy of the conqueror, the Orthodox Church survived three hundred years of Turkish occupation, whereas, rigid to its principles and unwilling to dissimulate, the Roman Church, heritage of the Lusignans and the Venetians, was ruthlessly exterminated. In the same way when, after the return to Cyprus in 1946 of the old bishop Makarios, exiled for his part in the 1931 riots, it became obvious that no curb would be put on the anti-British activities of the Cypriot priesthood, this very serious weakness on the part of both Labour and Conservative

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post-war governments was exploited to the full. Safe in the immunity bestowed by their cloth, the priests, following the example of Makarios and the other bishops, not only openly preached sedition, but also instigated a violent campaign of propaganda and blackmail directed to the individual Cypriot and in particular the peasant. The Word of God was seldom if ever heard from the pulpits, only abuse of Britain, 'the brutal tyrant and enslaver of the Hellenic people of Cyprus yearning for union with their mother Greece,' and village priests were ordered to refuse to marry or bury or baptize the children of those who did not take part in demonstrations or put their names to petitions demanding Enosis.

Personal ambition is the driving force behind the professional clique, lawyers, doctors, municipal councillors. The sight of Britain tumbling over herself to give away her overseas possessions has convinced them that Cyprus will eventually be handed as a gift to Greece. With an eye to the future they endeavour to out-do each other in their claims for Enosis and declarations of the purity of the Hellenic blood. 'There is no such thing as a Cypriot,' said one; 'we are all Greeks.' It is a form of rat race, each individual hoping that his anti-British sentiments, widely publicized (and unpunished), will assure him of a remunerative post when the blue-and-white flag of Greece replaces the Union Jack on the public buildings of Nicosia. I remember one lawyer who, having bought a Standard car, even went to great trouble to scrape out the Union Jack which, on these models, adorned the bonnet.

As for the people themselves, the little individual shopkeeper, the small merchant, craftsman, and the peasants of the villages, I can say without hesitation that they were literally pushed, bullied, and harried into being one with the claims for Enosis and, later, into supporting E.O.K.A., the terrorist organization. While I was in Cyprus, from 1946 to 1949, I watched this seditious policy taking shape, and assisted at the melancholy spectacle of the island authorities smugly refusing to admit the danger or look at the future with anything but the rosiest of bureaucratic spectacles—and this in spite of repeated warnings.

Basically the peasant of any country is interested in his land. He wants to be left in peace to tend his flocks and watch over his crops. But he needs security. Thus when nothing was done to counter the propaganda of the village priests, he bowed to the

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inevitable. If by signing Enosis petitions and taking part in Enosis demonstrations he could avoid the wrath of the priest, obtain protection from budding terrorist activities, and what almost amounted to a good-conduct certificate to be produced when the Greek authorities took over from the British—well and good, then he was pro-Enosis, especially as the British were taking no counter-measures and no steps to protect him.

The small shopkeeper, the little man of the island towns, was basically even less pro-Enosis than the peasant. Under British rule, and especially when G.H.Q. Middle East began to move to the island from the Canal Zone of Egypt, he was making a lot of money. An era of almost undreamed prosperity lay ahead. The Cypriot loves money, but, not unnaturally, he clings to life, and thus when the forerunners of E.O.K.A. openly threatened death to anyone who failed to support their campaign he had no choice. I had, first hand, a typical example of this fear of running contrary to the dictates of E.O.K.A. from a Cypriot who told me that in actual fact he was pro-British and viewed with dismay the prospect of a Greek Cyprus, but because the British authorities were apparently unable to afford any security to the individual he would always, when in Cyprus, be vociferous in his demands for Enosis.

Sir Winston Churchill in the beginning of his history of World War II describes it as 'the war which need never have taken place.' I feel that the same words could apply to a certain extent to the Enosis movement in Cyprus and most assuredly to the E.O.K.A. terrorist activities. If in the early days after the end of hostilities in 1945 an immediate curb had been put on the blackmailing tactics of the priests; if the local mayors and their henchmen had been punished for their seditious speeches and activities; if it could have been put across to the people that Britain had no intention of leaving Cyprus and that it was to the personal advantage of the individual to remain British; if a firm hand had been taken over the scandalous activities of Greek schoolmasters imported into Cyprus, who systematically worked at instilling a fanatical hatred of Britain into the youth; if, in fact, the Government at home and the local authorities in the island had paid heed to the warnings they received and taken some form of positive action, then the loss of life and the bitterness engendered by E.O.K.A.'s terrorist activi-

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For the bloodshed in Cyprus, however, it should never be forgotten that Greece herself bears the major part of the guilt. A brief study of dates at this point is not without interest. Britain, having landed in Cyprus in 1878 with the consent of the Turks, annexed the island in 1915, when Turkey allied herself with the Central Powers, and proclaimed it a Crown Colony in 1925. There was no official Greek claim on Cyprus at the peace conference following the armistice of 1918 despite the fact that Greece finished the war on the side of the Allies. There was no protest at the proclamation of 1925, and Athens remained apathetic at the time of the 1931 riots in Nicosia. Indeed, up to 1952 the constant affirmation of the love of Greece for Britain and the true friendship of the two countries, the one for the other, was a constant leit-motif at all official functions and gatherings throughout Greece.

But in an unstable world Greece is, politically, notorious for her instability. The Communist threat is a very real one. Indeed, Greece owes the fact that she is not behind the Iron Curtain to the prompt action of the British Government in sending troops to crush the attempted Communist *coup d'état* in Athens in December 1944, and to British and, later, American material and technical aid in her war against the Communist bandits from 1947 to 1949.

In 1952, after an initial defeat in 1951, the Greek Rally Party, formed from a coalition of right-wing groups and led by Greece's most eminent soldier turned politician, Field Marshal Papagos, came into power with a substantial majority.

The Field Marshal, however, realized to the full the ephemeral quality of any coalition or any majority in Greek politics, and was only too aware of the terrible internal conditions reigning in Greece itself, with a population which a leading Athens daily admitted openly could deplore the terrifying figure of 33 per cent. bordering on complete indigence, and a Communist element only just defeated after a major war, always ready to make a come-back on the profitable vehicle of the miseries of the people.

Alive to the potential dangers, the Field Marshal decided to follow the classical method of diverting the attention of the people from their own misery, by an all-out programme destined to turn the spotlight on foreign affairs, by whipping up a series of crises

whereby Greek 'national honour' and the 'legitimate claims of the Hellenic peoples' were destined to make the individual forget the lack of his daily bread in an altogether artificial patriotic fervour. To bolster up this policy it was also necessary to make the people think that Greece really counted as a major power and bulwark in the defence of free Europe, and with this object in view Papagos made a series of arrangements whereby he himself, as first Minister of Greece, accompanied by a fanfare of publicity, should visit the capitals of the principal N.A.T.O. countries.

At the time that these negotiations were in progress, a very important member of the British Government happened to be in Athens convalescing after a serious illness. It is reported that Papagos went to see the British Cabinet Minister to discuss a visit to London. During the course of the conversation he is supposed to have remarked that at some time or other during his stay in the British capital he would want to have talks over the Cyprus question. He was told that this was impossible since there was *no* Cyprus question. 'In that case,' said Papagos, 'there is no point in my going to London,' and he stormed out of the Embassy, baffled and bearing a grudge against Britain which was to remain with him till his death. This conversation may or may not be authentic. But it is a strange coincidence that, from its reputed date, the first allusions to Cyprus began to appear in the daily press.

Till then the Greeks had been concentrating their verbal claims on what they termed Northern Epirus, in other words Albania. Thus in Salonica, a major feature of the two big parades of the year, March 25 commemorating the start of the revolt against the Turks in 1821, and 'Ochi' day, Oct. 28, 1940, when Dictator Metaxas said 'No' (*ochi* in Greek) to the demands of Mussolini's representative, was a girl dressed in black to represent mourning, head bowed, hands bound with fictitious chains, and wearing across her bosom a sash inscribed 'Northern Epirus.' But on Oct. 28, 1953, and from then onwards, the same girl, dressed in the same black, her hands equally bound, her head bowed if anything even lower, had replaced the sash of Northern Epirus for one bearing the legend 'Kypros' (Cyprus).

But it was through the medium of the press that public opinion was really made Cyprus-minded. In Greece, Hitler's principle that

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any fiction put across often enough and violently enough can eventually be turned into fact is a basic axiom of political life.

Forgetting their erstwhile protestations of love and devotion for Britain, the newspapers, one and all, irrespective of political shade, began to vie with each other in abuse of the country till then extolled as a model of liberality and democracy. The British were 'brutal tyrants denying the enslaved Cypriots the fundamental rights of self-determination,' and it was obvious, too, as the newspaper campaign went on with monotonous regularity and the Mau Mau and Algerian rebels were described as heroes who preferred 'death to slavery' that the Greeks were preparing to back up the press campaign with incitement to armed revolt and actual violence in Cyprus itself. As time passed there was no letting up of their torrent of abuse. Incredible as it may seem, every day from about mid-1953 onwards every paper carried a leading article about Cyprus which was a repetitive hymn of hate directed at the British Government and everything British. At the same time, British officials in Greece had to resign themselves to an ever-worsening atmosphere of official snubs and individual impoliteness. Yet despite these pointers the Greek Colonel Grivas was able to organize E.O.K.A. and smuggle arms into Cyprus under the very noses of the authorities. As far as E.O.K.A. is concerned, I have no doubt in my own mind that, but for the purely Greek element as represented by Grivas, there would never have been a real terrorist campaign. I regret to say, also, that had proper repressive measures been taken against the early half-hearted and tentative activities of the E.O.K.A. gangs in 1955, the excesses of November 1956 would certainly have been avoided.

Once the E.O.K.A. campaign started the violence and distortions of the Greek press were without bounds. The young thugs who shot policemen in the back were heroes, the forces of law and order on the island brutal repressors, minions of a vile régime beside which Hitler's Nazism was mildly benevolent, while the exile of Makarios was described as 'the most appalling crime in history.'

But in all this fog and welter of propaganda, violence, accusation, and fostered hate, one factor, to my mind the most important of all, seldom seems to be studied. What is really most beneficial for the islanders, the Cypriots themselves? Would, in actual fact,

Cyprus be a happier, more prosperous spot were it to be transferred from British direction to the suzerainty of Athens?

As regards the Turkish element, comprising just over a fifth of the population, the answer is straightforward. The Turks have stated that they are perfectly happy under British rule and ask nothing better than that it should continue. Under no circumstances, however, are they prepared to accept a Greek administration. If Britain decides to give up Cyprus, then, say both the Turks on the island and the Government of Ankara, Cyprus must return to its previous owner, Turkey. On this fundamental point Turkish opinion is adamant, and Ankara has made it clear that it would not shirk from the use of armed force to vindicate its rights.

At the moment it is probable that a large number of the Greek-speaking Cypriots would, were a plebiscite held, vote for union with Greece, partly as a result of the bitterness which is the heritage of the E.O.K.A. troubles, but chiefly because no one is convinced that a vote could be really secret, and anyone voting against Enosis would lay himself open to savage reprisals on the day (inevitable to their minds) that Cyprus becomes Greek.

Yet a sober and determined campaign putting basic and undeniable facts in front of the individual could, I am convinced, change this attitude.

Neither the Cypriot town-dweller or peasant is a fool. First it should be made clear to him that Britain has no intention of abandoning Cyprus and secondly that a pro-British attitude will not entail physical danger. Once a sense of personal security has been established the implications of Greek occupation could then be made clear.

Greece cannot afford to support her eight-million-odd inhabitants. As has already been stated, as recently as 1956, a leading Athens newspaper published the shattering fact that one-third of the population of Greece was living on the borders of starvation. How, then, could another extra half million hope to fare? Another major factor is that Greek citizenship would imply military service (and the Cypriot is extremely unmilitary) for periods varying from two to three-and-a-half years under the most rigorous conditions. Though well fed, the Greek private soldier draws as little as the equivalent of one pound a month! Even more fatal to the well-being of the Cypriot would be the inevitable tendency of all Greek

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governments to look upon Athens as Greece, so that the sprawling, spreading, over-populated capital is an ever-growing sore draining the rest of the country of its strength. Everything, in fact, is taken out of the provinces to put into Athens and nothing is ever given back or bartered in return. Cyprus would be stripped of its natural wealth and sources of revenue and crippled with local taxes so that in Athens a new block of offices could be erected or a new boulevard laid out and, far from being liberated from their 'slavery,' instead of the excessive liberality of British administration, the Cypriots would wake up to find themselves caught in the meshes of what is, to all intents and purposes, a police state.

It would not, I am sure, need a superhuman effort to bring these facts home to a population to whom the balm of personal security had been restored, for I think it highly probable that many who may have nourished a sentimental attachment for the fictitious 'mother' Greece have been shocked and disgusted by the ruthless and brutal methods of the E.O.K.A. leaders and the summary executions carried out by terrorist gunmen.

Passing from the study of individual welfare to that of national policy and the future of our relations with Greece, there remains the question of the oft quoted 'Anglo-Hellenic friendship.'

Very frequently at official functions before the hate campaign against Britain had reached its apogee, I would find myself engaged in conversation by a Greek officer or government official, who would implore me to try to make the British authorities see reason regarding Greek claims on Cyprus, for if these claims were not satisfied, Britain would lose that most priceless of all assets, the friendship of Greece. This so-called 'friendship' is also the final argument of our own philhellenes, who would love us to believe that this same friendship is our most precious heritage, to conserve which any sacrifice on our part is worth while. The Greeks certainly are amazed that we are not prepared to give up Cyprus in order to preserve Hellenic benevolence, and once, when I suggested to a Greek officer that possibly Greece had far more to lose than Britain by the rupture of amicable relations, he looked at me more in pity than in anger.

Indeed, one of the most staggering factors in dealing with Greeks is their astounding conceit. Shortly after arriving in Athens a young second lieutenant said to me in all seriousness, 'Of course we Greeks

are quite grateful to you and the Americans for the help you gave us in the past, but now that we have the best army in the world we don't need you any more.' Furthermore there is no question of Greece having done her part in winning the late World War. *It was won outright by the Greek Army.* 'That,' as a general said naïvely in a speech, 'is an undeniable fact.' It can be understood, therefore, the effect produced by the suggestion that Greece might be the loser in a quarrel between our two countries.

As it is one of the misfortunes of modern times that problems are usually attacked from a biased propaganda aspect, it might be as well, once again, to look at history and recapitulate a few cold facts, unclouded by partisan sentiments.

In March 1821 the Greeks revolted against Turkish rule. Our philhellenes at the time sent practical help to the rebels. Byron died fighting for Greece in the miserable swamp-ridden town of Missolonghi—writers, philosophers, poets poured out works in praise of the rebirth of the classical cradle of Europe. After a long struggle, the Turks, aided by the Egyptians, were crushing the uprising when an allied fleet led by a British admiral destroyed the Turco-Egyptian fleet at Navarino. As a result of the battle, Turkey was obliged to come to terms with the Greek insurgents and the modern State of Greece came into being; thus the infant Greece, after a long and arduous travail, through the loving attention of nurse Britain, avoided the tragedy of still-birth.

Skippping more than a century, we find to-day that as a result of the Salonica campaign of World War I and the brief but violent battles of 1941, over twenty-five thousand British dead have their resting-place in Greek soil, and British military cemeteries are scattered all over the bleak countryside of Macedonia and Thessaly. In December 1944 only the resolute action of the handful of British troops in Athens, despite a violent hostile world opinion headed by America, saved Greece from the fate of becoming a Communist satellite state. Again, when after having been thwarted by Britain in 1944 the Communist forces regrouped and struck once more in 1947, only British aid and the devoted services of the British Military Mission, later aided by the Americans having seen the error of their ways, tipped the balance in favour of the anti-reds, a balance which on many occasions threatened to fall irrevocably to an all-out Communist victory.

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It is, therefore, scarcely an exaggeration to say that non-Communist Greeks owe their very existence to that friendship which Britain has always shown for their country, for the Greek reds excelled even their Russian masters in brutality, and the stories of their atrocities in the Civil War are horrifying even in these days of savagery too often excused on ideological grounds.

On the other hand, what, in fact, does Britain owe to modern Greece? A tardy and grudging participation in World War I after a series of internal upheavals. In October 1940 a gallant and victorious action against the Italian invader when Greece was brought into the war not through ideological convictions but because she was wantonly attacked. Yet before a German 'blitzkrieg' she collapsed in a matter of days, and from then on the Free Greek forces in the Middle East, continuously mutinous, were more of a liability than an asset. Yet how many times did I read in the local newspapers that 'Britain owes everything to Greece, but Greece owes nothing to Britain.'

Finally, then, it would be of interest to draw up a balance sheet of the factors which would result from a British withdrawal and the transfer of Cyprus to Greece, even if this could be done without risk of armed action on the part of Turkey.

On the one side the standard of living of the Cypriots themselves would inevitably and rapidly be lowered. The liberal constitution of the island would be replaced by the rigours of a police state. Poverty, not prosperity and progress, would be the fate of the islanders—one has only to look at the conditions existing on Corfu and Rhodes to realize this. Britain would lose a valuable base, her only base in the Middle East, for with so unstable a political situation as reigns in Athens, no promises on the part of Greece could be guaranteed. On the other hand Britain would still, unless some further exaggerated Greek claim was put forward, retain Greek friendship.

Rather than draw conclusions, I prefer to let facts speak for themselves, and suggest that those to whom the question of Cyprus is of interest, study these facts, and then ask themselves whether in all honesty they consider that the cessation of the island to Athens would be either wise or justifiable.

PATRICK TURNBULL

CO-EXISTENCE

HUMAN RELATIONS IN THE TROPICAL GIRDLE OF THE GLOBE

THIS special aspect of co-existence can be approached from several angles. As a problem it is both sociological and geographic. It is also partly a problem of climate and man.

Ecology, or that branch of biology which treats of the powerful influence of total environment on all living things, including man, is of such relatively recent development that, by the light of its unfolding perspective, many pieces of the jigsaw puzzle of our life and inter-relations begin to move into a newly intelligible picture.

With understandable distaste for the narrowing term 'human ecology,' Fraser Darling defines it as that part of the science which deals with the reciprocal inter-relations of man with his animate habitat, of that influence of the habitat as a whole on social structure and behaviour, and of the social system on the animate habitat.

In the kaleidoscopic puzzle of human co-existence there are some influential physical features which can profitably receive more emphasis within the background of the scene and habitat in which our present drama is being unrolled.

In this temperate island, far from the conditions of the tropics, our attention—the attention of the man in the street or, if you will, the elector—is most commonly caught in our daily papers by the political aspect of the immediate manifestations of the problem of co-existence with (and in) the world's tropical zone, which appear rather misleadingly under the headings of 'colour-clash' or 'race relations.' The element of heredity and environment and their age-long imprint on the characteristics and basic psychology of peoples and their inter-relations have in the past received in this country rather less attention.

CLIMATIC CONSIDERATIONS IN INTER-TROPICAL RELATIONS

To those who like to complain that relations between the peoples of the temperate zones and the ethnic and cultural societies of the tropics have been made difficult because the grades of civilization do not coincide, since the latter have in comparison produced so

little knowledge of the 'causes of things' and so few inventions, some simple facts and figures offer a grim reply as to the anæmiating disabilities which assail the peoples of the tropics. Intestinal infestation constitutes a grave handicap. On an average each year in the tropics malaria strikes 300 million people and kills three million of them. There are some 2,000 million people in the world and there are some 2,200 million cases of infestation by debilitating worms, for some people are afflicted by more than one kind. Most worms thrive in the tropics, home of half the human race and a reservoir (especially in south-east Asia) of food and other natural resources. In one tropical belt almost around the world, 180 million people suffer from filarial worms and about 20 million have onchocerciasis, which causes blindness when the worm gets into the eye. Schistosomiasis attacks the liver and intestines of 114 million people a year, mostly in the tropics, and the recalcitrant and widespread hookworm afflicts and anæmiates 457 million people, mostly in the world's tropical zone. A graph of Huntington, the geographer, shows that man's best mental and physical work and inventions are achieved in stimulating climates at temperatures between 30° and 70° Fahrenheit (-1° to 21° Centigrade), and that there is a startling deterioration in the quality and quantity of all work done as the temperature rises above 70°. The peoples of the humid low inland tropics have, through no fault of their own, been heavily handicapped in their relation with peoples of more energizing areas of the earth. But let us rush to no hasty conclusions. Neither ecology nor any other comprehensive and ordered system of scientific thinking has produced evidence to show that the *relative* sluggishness of mental and physical activity, induced by humid lowland tropics, has produced any spiritual or moral inferiority.

In the matter of energy, nine-tenths of the world's known coal reserves and four-fifths of the world's known oil reserves lie virtually outside the tropics whose multitudinous peoples are now faced with the apparent profits and still ill-known dangers of the machine age crowding in upon them rather suddenly from outside. In the vast inland lowlands of the world's tiring tropics, nearly 70 per cent. of energy has to be furnished in the sweat of the brow by man's own muscular effort. In temperate North America only 4 per cent. of energy has to be provided by men's muscles. There, man is thus

released from the heavier and more tiring of his tasks for the creation of more ingenuity, more inventions, and more leisure.

Without the preliminary aid of some physical observations of this kind, it is not easy to approach with a proper sense of proportion and sympathy any problem of any human relations with or within the tropics. Tropical conditions tend towards physical sluggishness and mental immobility. Biological research is already evolving means for rapid reduction of tropical death-rates of man and his domestic animals, as well as reducing debilitating diseases. This will probably lead to an equally rapid rise in population or to rising pressures by man and beast on the world's limited natural resources. The consequent struggle for the resources necessary for survival may, in turn, lead on to a deterioration of ethnic and cultural relations and to a tendency towards wars.

RACE-RELATIONS AND INTER-BREEDING ACROSS ARTIFICIAL BARRIERS

For the now-emerging Africa, which is the product of the action of Western influence on African institutions, and for the inter-dependent partnership which is EurAfrica, Black and White miscegenation and a tropical brown EurAfrican race might well prove a sound *scientific* solution. But is this what Africans and Europeans are going to approve?

It is commonly alleged that the children of Black and White parents inherit the vices and physical frailties of both, as if, even in the case of good stock, by some miraculous suspension of the laws of nature, such children did not inherit also the virtues and the strengths. The fact is that, in countries where such children are neglected owing to the local power of prejudice, they are often in practice prevented from enjoying a normal chance of happy family-development. In Brazil, where race-prejudice is at a minimum, mulatto doctors are among the most highly considered in the land and the children of Black and White unions are not condemned in advance by bigotry, ignorance, or prejudice. We are not interested in condemning or approving mixed marriages in the tropics. We are concerned only with the potential value of mixed stock as a means towards happier human relations in mixed societies and between the peoples of the tropics and the temperate zones.

In very civilized Florence on the eve of the Epiphany 1537,

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Benvenuto Cellini records that he observed in the sky above the city *una travé di fuoco*, 'a beam of fire,' which to-day we should perhaps have called a flying saucer, at the moment of the assassination of the first hereditary Duke of Florence, Alessandro di Medici. The point is that Alessandro di Medici, nephew of Lorenzo the Magnificent and son-in-law of an emperor, was the son of Anna, a Negress. His Bronzino portrait in the Uffizi bears out his birth. But, with an education unhindered by prejudice in the cultured world and stimulating climate of Florence, no one has accused him of being, because of his Negro ancestry, less capable than his brethren or less cultured than his peers. Nor does the part-African descent of Pushkin, father of a brilliant Russian literature, seem, in a temperate zone, to have hindered his cultured and creative genius. Nor does the quality of the five or six hundred historical novels and plays of the mulatto Alexandre Dumas *père*, 'The Kinkymanned Lion of Paris,' point to his having inherited only the weaknesses of both sides of his ancestry. Even if of the same family group at birth, men are neither equal in health and aptitude, in ability or character. Those of us who cry for equality where there is no equality seem sometimes to confuse an imagined social equality with a religious equality of the soul before God. If there is scientifically a case to be made against children of Black and White marriages, it cannot properly be made simply on grounds of race and colour. In this sense any special pleading is more likely to succeed based upon the general ecology and on the social and climatic environment of each case, rather than upon heredity. In view of the present process of breaking-down the cultural barriers in the Asian and African and AustralAsian tropics and in view of the accelerated continuance of the fusion of races, all proved potentials of inter-breeding are clearly elements which cannot be excluded from our consideration and need to be made known.

CLIMATE AND CULTURES

The indigenous societies of the Australian tropics such as the Pitjendadara show that the mental capacity of a culture is not to be judged by the number, variety, and complexity of a primitive society's tools and implements. There, the people go naked and, in material culture, they possess less tools than Aurignacian or Magdalenian hunters. But, by a perfect ecological equipoise, they

survive in the desert without impoverishing nature and its resources, which constitute their capital. In fact they live, in the classical phrase, *convenienter naturæ*. However unlikely or unimportant it may until recently have seemed, to materialist and mechanistic peoples of the temperate zones, this tropical society is 'in moral character . . . a fully co-operative society based on reciprocal giving-and-receiving, practising a way of life rich in philosophic thought, in cultural expression and communal living.' These are realities of some still-surviving societies of the world's tropical zone which modern peoples of the temperate regions are sometimes apt to overlook when impatient to convert, to change, or to feel superior. In practice, the co-existence of these two extremes of present-day society, the Aboriginal Australians with Australians of recent European origin, seems already on the way to solution by miscegenation. There are some 50,000 Aborigines and 25,000 *métis*, mixtures of the two stocks.

In the Asian and African tropics, originally Christian (but now secularizing) Western culture and the nationalistic revolutions which derive from it have broken down the age-long barriers of traditions and custom, the barriers between peoples and between ethnically and culturally cloistered communities. Have we not, then, to ask ourselves whether these nationalistic revolutions in the forms of governance have or have not made it easier to improve relations between differing communities within these tropical societies? The answer probably is that Western culture and its repercussions in the tropics are *capable* of improving such human relations, but that their combined effect has created a spiritual vacuum. Whole communities are plunged into a state of disquieting doubts. Outside Islam, where the spiritual and the civil-social code are one, the heavens are becoming untenanted and mutual insurance-systems of clan and caste threaten to crumble before any equivalent system can be devised or afforded. In their doubt and insecurity, men tend to regard other ethnic and cultural groups with suspicion, as if they were vaguely responsible for their undiagnosed uncertainties. Momentarily the present tendency is towards anarchy or lack of order, in ideas and social structure. Failing spiritual security and failing the political security given by colonialism, in exasperation men seek social security and will agree passively to dictatorships 'just in case' seemingly self-assured

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nationalisms can cast out doubt and create a secure new heaven and a firm new earth. We can surely conclude that, in these troubled human relations, something other and deeper than colonialism is the causal factor lying at the root of the matter.

THE CLIMATIC AND COLONIAL QUESTION IN TROPICAL CO-EXISTENCE

We are here concerned with the causes of what appears before us and with the manner in which things are generated. One of these things is the human relations with and within the tropics. One of the principal parts of the problem of happy human co-existence in the tropics must concern the inter-relations between peoples whose heredity and environment have evolved in the climate and weather, on the soil and diet, of the world's energizing temperate regions on the one hand and, on the other hand, with peoples whose heredity and environment have developed in the climate and weather, on the leached soils and low diets of the world's more enervating tropical zone. In passing, a mention must therefore be made of the thing now known as *colonialism* as a factor in relations between ethnic and cultural societies of the tropics and the peoples of the temperate zones. Has colonialism, as it is now represented, been a help or a hindrance in relations between (say) Europeans and peoples of the tropics? In so far as the leaders of tropical communities have received their education in Europe, their mutual understanding and cultural relations with Europeans in the tropics should *logically* become much easier. Also relations between Western-educated chiefs and leaders of hitherto separate or mutually antagonistic peoples of the country should also be more mutually understandable and therefore easier to compose. Upon many materially backward, but often morally advanced, communities is now superimposed a class educated outside their own civilization, outside the climatically unstimulating zone. They find an atmosphere impregnated by that questing doubt upon which Western science and modern civilization are founded, and which are leading to the spiritual self-questioning on which self-conscious classes of the Asian and African tropics are now impatiently engaged. Even if one of the manifestations is political, being the easiest ground on which to attain positiveness and position, nonetheless the urge rises from exasperation of the spirit. In the domain of sociological relations with which our problem is concerned, it

must be remembered that it is not what *is* but what is thought to be which is all-important. And, politically, people are moved by what they believe to be their history, and not by what it is. This is why it is a favourite device of present political propaganda to confuse the issue, to inflame passionate, rather than rational, nationalism, in order to create a myth in and around the origins of things, in this case the origins of colonies. Modern propaganda is now suggesting that it is colonialism and *its origins* and history which constitute the main reason why relations are not better with peoples of the tropical zone, and between very different tribes and castes themselves.

As an instance, let us then glance at Africa, which is now regarded as the colonial continent *par excellence*. After the death of the African explorer Stanley, who was the employee of an American newspaper, his widow wrote the introduction to Stanley's autobiography. In it she blames bitterly:

the blindness of England, unwilling to recognize the value to her of new colonies, and the indifference, not only of a succession of cabinet-ministers, but also of chambers-of-commerce and of the British business-world. This was for Stanley the source of much preoccupation and of bitter disappointment. For England (she adds) this attitude entailed the loss of the Congo. A further cause of bitterness to Stanley was England's determined objection to occupying Eastern Africa and Uganda.

This history speaks for itself.

The British, whose vital interests consisted not in conquest but in commerce, had wished to avoid the expense, responsibility, and complications of policing semi-tropical countries so far from home. Indeed it was only after the murderous mutiny of 1857 in India that the old British piecemeal trading-territories in India ceased to be maintained in peace by a commercial company. The British were concerned mainly with establishing safe and defensible ports-of-call for their commercial shipping to and from the tropical markets of East Asia, and their coastal 'factories,' trading-posts, and emporiums by which England lived.

Africa Today (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1955) contains the statement, which the perspective of history will certainly confirm, that 'the processes now called colonialism have been beyond question, the most beneficent, disinterested, and effective force which has ever been brought to bear on Africa in all its history.

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That it might have been better, and that it has had its blemishes and faults, does not alter the plain statement of fact.'

As a factor in ethnic and cultural relations in the tropics, this brief allusion to the political, meaning 'what pertains to science and system of government,' in the shape of colonialism, may here be closed with the certainty that, if truth triumphs over distorting propaganda, the ethnic and cultural societies of the African tropics will recognize and remember, as the minimum epitaph of their relations with Europe, the historic reply of an all-powerful British Governor-General in India whom the British accused of self-enrichment while ordering and enriching a then-disordered India: 'Gentlemen,' he replied, 'I am astonished at my own moderation.'

It is India, Russia, and China, who have whole populations of their nationals abroad in new lands, who are the colonialist countries of to-day. In relatively recent years, from the temperate into the tropical zone, north Indians have poured into Africa, Chinese into South-East Asia (some 11 millions of Chinese are settlers in the tropics), and some six millions of Russians into the subtropical Moslem countries between the Caspian and Tashkent among peoples whose ethnic and cultural origins are quite different. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the economic energy of these gifted immigrants, in the plural societies thus created, human relations and co-existence in these tropical and subtropical regions are being subjected to severe, if latent, strain.

In conclusion, in the realm of African co-existence, it is probable that, without economic independence, political independence may prove a farce or disillusion leading on towards confusion, anarchy, of fratricidal wars. Since the 'Ruling Few' who have received a European-type education have themselves opted for a non-African-type of development of life, resources, and government, the immediate problem for the tropical African is not how to get rid of non-Africans, but how to get on without them.

A MORAL ASPECT OF INTER-RACIAL RELATIONS IN THE TROPICS

In our search for elements of background which can conduce towards better understanding for human relationships of to-day, there is in Europe a widening sense of sociological perspective with the perception that a man who invents a telephone is admittedly an ingenious animal, but not, because of his invention, a morally

superior being, or even wise. In other words, there is so far no reason to imagine because they did not, so to speak, invent the telephone that therefore tropical peoples are morally inferior. Relations between tropical and non-tropical societies need therefore to be treated on terms which are not those of superiority or inferiority, but on terms of mutual recognition of difference. The differences derive largely from age-long climatic environment. In the search for better human relations, the superiority felt for instance by some Moslems for some Christians solely on grounds of cult, or the superiority felt by some temperate Christians for some tropical Moslems solely on grounds of mechanical ingenuity and its material power, has to be displaced by the slow process of inter-cultural education, now at last becoming possible, and to be moved from the ground of cult and power into the realm of men's moral values and good will.

Three Europeans are now sometimes regarded as having reduced Western man to man-size in the universe in which a hundred years ago he inclined to regard himself as the finished product of civilization at the culminating point of human history. *Copernicus* showed that our inhabited planet, far from being the centre of the physical universe, was only a satellite revolving round a star, which later appears to be neither central nor distinguished nor large. *Darwin* demonstrated that man need no longer regard himself as distinct and superior to all other living creatures, and left him, at best, the paragon of animals as the only non-feathered biped on earth. *Freud* claimed to show us that man is not even master in his own house and unable to control, or even know what is happening in, his own unconscious mind.

In so far as these theses are accepted, they are correctives of perspective and reductive of hubris in inter-cultural relations with peoples of the tropical zone, who believed in magic but had about it fewer illusions than modern man about the atom. Even if man is learning to control certain segments of nature, he nevertheless remains inescapably a part of it. If to us history seems to be the story of recurrent human conflicts, *natural* history, studied in the perspective of total environment, helps to point the way to a movement towards inter-dependent and balanced relations, in equilibrium. And it is essentially about inter-dependent and balanced relations that we are here concerned. The period of the descent of

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Western man from his self-important pedestal as the world's morally and culturally finished product, before he remounted towards a materially proud peak of machine-made power, could have been propitious for less contemptuous relations with the climatically more passive peoples of the tropics. The 200 million people of the Moslem world, from the China Sea to the Atlantic, are only one, a very actual, instance. For twelve centuries they faced Christian Europe on terms of equality. Since Napoleon, they have suffered a century and a half of exceptional subjection to Europe, due to Europe's greater climatic energy and inventive mechanical achievement. The present writer was a member of the Arab Bureau when Jewish Europeans *en masse* were, wisely or unwisely as it then seemed, invited by west Europe and America to colonize Asian Moslem lands. Moslem warnings were brushed aside as if not worth listening to. Moslems, rightly or wrongly, felt that they were regarded as fit only to be treated with contempt, to be overruled and ordered about in their own homes. Here is the semi-tropical incendiary in the Western woodpile of would-be co-existence. Here and now the air of the Western world is black and threatening with the mass of those chickens, these stormy petrels, coming home to roost, from Abadan and Suez to Bandoeng. Men can stand most things more easily than contempt. Contempt exasperates a wounded pride and provides a red-hot inflammable material on which anti-Western propagandists play. Indeed, it is this attitude of often unconscious but implied contempt which has caused such suppressed exasperation and has in essence poisoned co-existence and has constituted one of the causes of the extrusion of European leadership from the tropics.

COLOUR PREJUDICE BY SIGHT AND SOUND

The factual existence in certain countries of what is commonly called a colour-bar, meaning opportunities conferred or withheld by reason only of superficial skin-colour, do not permit us to fail to place this element among our considerations in the discussion of co-existence in the tropics.

In Europe an equivalent kind of superficial and irrational prejudice is or has been the discrimination exercised in certain countries against even unaggressive and law-abiding persons by reason only of their religion, nationality, or travel-document, irrespective of

their moral worth or of their professional value to human society. The patent absurdity and the unreasoning results are well illustrated in the true-to-life novel *La 25ème Heure*.¹

In the domain of colour-prejudice, the origin and significance of pigmentation of peoples are scientifically still a mystery. Pigmentation has no known relation to moral or mental quality. The Esquimaux of the snow-white wastes of the arctic are brown. Many pygmies of the dark Congo forests are often lighter. If darker people with black or brown eyes seem to us more resistant to tropical heat and light, nevertheless the Inca-Maya-Aztec group of the tropical Americans do not thrive in hot moist lowlands better than whites. Moreover, in matters of prejudice, it will be remembered that in practice, in north America, among most men of dark complexion there exists a strong social prejudice of the lighter against the darker in the matter of marriage. But, however skin-deep or superficial may seem the terms employed, what has to be considered is the undoubted mental suggestion and the deep emotional content conveyed by the words dark and light, black and white, even before they are applied to any human colour-question. The early ancestors of all the human race seem to have been dark. To-day the Arab of torrid Muscat and Oman is of a pale pigmentation, whiter than the average inhabitant of cool, damp Europe. Let us then consider at random only two simple shades of common pigmentation, the dark and light shades or refractions of light, in the form loosely described as black and white. In the English language, spoken or understood by some 200 millions of mankind, *black* connotes swarthy and dark (as in dark deeds), sullen, horrible, mysterious (as in black magic and black art), threatening (as black sky or a black look), dismal, wicked, evil. *Blacken*, as to blacken a man's character, as distinct from whitewashing it.

Colour-prejudice in most cases would appear to denote a state of social friction arising from ethnological ignorance, or from fear.

SOCIO-RELIGIOUS HUMAN RELATIONS IN THE TROPICS OF ASIA

The ethnically- and culturally-conscious classes of the population of the Asian tropics have, in their cultural relations, been exposed to a revolution, no less. The modern epoch of this revolution, this new era of West-in-East, in the Indies and beyond, begins on

¹ Georgein, *The 25th Hour* (Heinemann, London), 1949.

May 27, 1498, when, with amazing faith and courage, Portuguese Vasco da Gama, doubling Africa, arrived in Calicut, capital of the spice-trade. The economic pressure of Western trade, the effective impact of Western techniques, and the influence of Western ideas hastened involuntarily the disintegration of the centralized Asian empires within the tropics.

Since then, Western culture has led logically towards the nationalist revolutions against the old traditional and customary barriers between previously divergent peoples, whether of the East or West. In the welter of passions occasioned by two world wars within one generation, the yearning of the Asian peoples is for less insecurity, less incertitude, less poverty, and for more equality with privileged castes, classes, and peoples.

What, then, in plural societies and human relations in the Asian tropics, can be the shape of things to come? Will ethnic and cultural relations be subjected to a drab militant-atheist communism which in its homeland has become an antique long divested of any messianism? If communism in standard form comes to control the Asian tropics, the plural societies will be moved into a mould towards a singular society, the standard monolith. In such an eventuality, the underdogs and satellites of such a society will come to understand the meaning of co-existence under the working-motto of the grim Stalinesque dictator Domitian, *oderint dum metuant*: let them hate, provided that they fear.

The very form of these Differing Civilizations, each based on a religion, is changing under the impact of Western technology and culture, in which many of the leaders have received their education. Inter-racial relations will depend also on whether a reformed Hinduism, Buddhism, or post-Confucian philosophy can meet the needs of a changing society. The fact that there can exist a co-operation in inter-racial relations sufficient to form an AfrAsian Bandoeng-bloc is in itself in practice facilitated by a common culture derived from fruitful East-West inter-culture and inter-racial relations formed with and within the West.

Where does it all lead?

It may be that the plural societies of the Asian tropics will find themselves, despite themselves, influenced or hustled by a new composite Woolworth-civilization of which the ideal could be the magic technologist, the well-paid artificer, or the chauffeur-

mechanic. Whether antipathetic or not, this would constitute more help than hindrance to East-West relations. In urban conditions, an abnormal state of secularization may exist for a time. If the Asian empires, and national barriers and the sacred laws which ruled men's lives for millennia are being broken down, 'the gods' will arise in new form, perhaps only as miracle-making wizards of 'economic plans.' But they will still be gods who, within climatic and economic exigencies, will dictate the rhythm of race-relations and of co-existence.

MORAL MAINSPRINGS OF EAST-WEST RACE-RELATIONS

Is not a clearer light cast on the ethnic and cultural relations between the tropical peoples themselves when we turn our attention to the illogical and amazing paradox that the movement which is being used to rally these peoples against the West is removing the cultural barriers between them and, at the same time, the same movement is doing all in its power to spread Western education, Western technology, Western ideas, and Western systems of government. In the inter-relations between the mass of inland villagers, history and the lessons of history still mainly mean the mythology of castes or clans. Ethnic and cultural relations are still *unmovingly* conditioned by the tutelary spirits of the wold and wild, by a spirit-goddess of fertility, by a godlike spirit who can help hunters, by a static *genius loci*, and by the exorcising spirit-priests of pox. But if, in inland villages, the traditional life appears unmoving, yet the motor-bus arrives regularly from the quickly changing town. Beneath the surface, the human spirit is in ferment and self-questioning. After all, the earth *does* move. *Eppur, si muove.*

When an economically viable independence (without which political independence is a farce or a disillusion) will have caused nationalistic passions to recede and if the ancient rigid philosophies of Asia are not resilient enough to be restated to meet the needs of modern man, will there perhaps be again among the merchant and artisan element of Asia, a reconsideration of that Asian Christianity which was carried, through the tropics, direct from Asia by Asians to Asians further east, from Abbasside Baghdad to India and Canton?¹ In any case, good or bad human relations will continue to be influenced by less-and-less differing civilizations founded on religions and philosophies, which, like all eternal truths, will

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have periodically to be revalued and restated if they are to continue to survive and be believed.

In our ethnic and cultural relations, the ever-more-conscious human aspiration for peace and good will towards men, or for a Buddhist-type of benevolence moving towards world-peace, call for our efforts to be deployed firmly and gradually towards one human family and one *human race*, an amalgam of diversity within unity. Nevertheless in practice co-existence is still complicated in that the psychological amalgam which constitutes a nation tends normally to move at home on a more ethical plane than in its cosmic relations with other national groups abroad. The double standard, with its double-talk, still survives. However strong may be the present tendency towards weakening or standardizing of the world's differing civilizations and of the antique forms of the religions from which they spring, nevertheless religion, that complex of beliefs and rites by which man tries to enter into relation with the supernatural and to assure himself salvation, is much more quick than dead among the peoples of the tropical girdle of the globe. To-day whole peoples are sick for certitude. They seek for gods or heroes to assure it. On the success of their search and on the good or evil nature of the gods and heroes whom they will find, will depend the good or bad relations between the ethnic and cultural communities of the tropics, and between the world's less-and-less differing groupings of mankind. Sociologically the problem is long-term. The heart of the matter will depend on education, meaning literally a new 'leading-out and cultivation of the human spirit.'

TRACY PHILIPPS

¹ The London *Times* of April 24, 1957, reports from Saigon that a thousand Buddhists from North Viet Nam wished to be converted to Christianity and had been baptized. The information continues that 'the stream of converts to Christianity from Buddhism, Caodaism, and other religions has been remarkably persistent for some years, so much so indeed that there is a scarcity of priests to cope with them.'

THE MAKING OF MOUNTAINS

MOUNTAINS are not often found singly, rising in abrupt isolation from some comparatively wide stretch of low-lying ground. Where there is one there are likely to be many, and their arrangement is in rows or, as we say, ranges. Even ranges in the more mountainous parts of the earth are found less often as a single chain than as a number of chains running parallel, one behind the other. Consequently in considering their origin we must concern ourselves in most instances with the great natural forces that have built mountains by the score and by the hundred. Nevertheless there are mountains and hills that rise in relative isolation, and it will be well to consider them first, since an examination of the forces responsible can logically lead up to those similar but far mightier forces that build, not single mountains, not ranges merely, but those parallel series of ranges that make up the great mountain systems of the world.

Volcanoes such as Vesuvius and Etna rise in comparative solitude, and are brought into existence by repeated outpourings of lava and of rock-fragments, whether large and angular or pulverized to a fine dust by explosive eruptions. The result in time is a mountain which is simply a heaping-up of the products of eruption into a great cone-shaped accumulation with a crater in the centre. That is what determines its existence, its bulk and its height above the surrounding plain. The surface lineaments on the other hand are brought into being by forces entirely different, by external agents of erosion, of which the most important usually is running water. In this way the flanks become scored with radiating channels, with deep gullies separated by well-marked ridges. These are destructive forces and in time, if the volcano becomes quiescent or altogether extinct, their effect will be to level it out of existence. Another cause of isolated mountains or hills, also volcanic in origin, is the rise from far below the surface of molten matter which solidifies into a great knob of granite without breaking through the overlying rock. But before long, as time is measured in geology, the knob becomes exposed because of the removal of the overlying rock by

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erosion, and the result will be an abrupt rounded hill such as Traprain Law in East Lothian or, on a large scale, the great granite mass of Dartmoor.

But these, in so far as they exist singly and in comparative isolation, are of no more than local importance, minor incidents only. Far more important for the effect they produce are those tremendous range-building agencies responsible for the great events, the major revolutions in the history of the earth. Before considering these one fundamentally important point must be made. Brief examination of those comparatively isolated bumps and prominences that we call mountains brought out the fact that two opposed forces must be taken into account, one pertaining to the earth and bringing the mountain into existence in the first place, the other pertaining to the earth's atmospheric envelope giving the mountain its external features, and destined in the long run to bring about its destruction. It is more accurate to call these, not two forces but, since each manifests itself in more than one way, two systems or sets of forces, working ceaselessly in opposition. The first is wholly of the earth and is caused by the stresses and strains undergone by the crust—heavings and warpings, foldings and fracturings—nearly all of them immeasurably slow in terms of human life, but on occasions quick and violent, as when volcanoes erupt in paroxysmal fashion or earthquakes pulse outwards in concentric tremors. These are the original causes of mountains, positive in their effect, constructive; and in thinking of them it is well to remember that their achievements, mighty as they seem to us, are really of no very great account when measured according to the scale of the earth itself. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, rises vertically some five miles above sea-level, a distance which if stretched horizontally corresponds to a modest afternoon's walk.

But these hugely important earth-forces make up no more than one major component of the process that gives rise to mountains as we know them. The fang-like, frost-shattered jaggedness of the high peaks, the great basin-like corries, together with the knife-edged aretes separating each one of these from its neighbour, the gullies that deeply score the flanks of the mountain from the high snows down to the foothill region; all these owe their existence to a set of forces different from the first in nature and in origin. They owe nothing to the earth itself, everything to the atmospheric envelope

in which it is wrapped; are children not of the earth but of the sun, their influence negative rather than positive, levellers and destroyers of those achievements credited to the forces of the earth. They are the forces of erosion; but before erosion can become effective there must first come weathering, by means of which rock-fragments are split off from the parent mass chiefly under the influence of frost and of sharp alternations of temperature. Enormous accumulations of this rock-waste are then transported to lower levels by the great forces of erosion properly so called—rivers, glaciers, the wind. There is a fourth agent of erosion, the sea, but this is one that can scarcely be expected to play a part in the making of mountains. The others, and particularly the first two, are of incalculable importance. Destructive in the sense that their ultimate effect is to wipe out that which has previously been built up, they are undeniably constructive in the sense that they are the master-sculptors of the face of the earth, and the tools of their trade are those fragments of rock-waste, almost infinitely variable in size, that weathering provides. If they had had the field to themselves they would long ago have reduced the earth's surface to a dead level of monotony. But they have not had the field to themselves, far from it; for we are to think of these two titans, the one earth-born, the other air-born, as having waged, since first the earth solidified from a molten condition, and as still waging, a secular and unceasing duel for which the whole surface of the earth is the battle-ground, littered and diversified with the traces of their conflict.

But there is an important distinction to be made as regards the way the two have been at work in ceaseless rivalry for some thousands of millions of years. At one time it was believed that the earth-forces, responsible for the vertical movements bringing relief into existence, were the result of shrinkage of the crust, a world-wide wrinkling in the manner of the skin of an apple, caused by adjustment to a slow, internal cooling. If that were true we would expect it to have occurred equally everywhere and to have been confined mostly to the earlier stages of the earth's history. All the evidence points the other way, and it has taught us that their effect, though manifested over greatly elongated belts, are yet localized within those belts, where thrusting, crumpling, folding, and contortions of the crust of an almost indecipherable complexity have taken place, leaving wide intervening areas by comparison undisturbed. But that

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is not all. Belts of intense mountain-building are localized, not in space only, but in time as well; have occurred in widely separated episodes, the latest of them some fifty million years ago, which on the geological time-scale is comparatively recent. Each one of these episodes was in itself protracted over some millions of years, but was separated from the next by a much longer interlude of calm, when our unstable earth for some reason was at rest. The distinction therefore is this: the atmospheric, erosive, and on the whole destructive forces operate ceaselessly and everywhere; the earth-born, on the whole constructive and mountain-building forces, on the other hand, are episodic and localized, do their work at one time and in one place rather than another.

It follows from this that in considering the process by which mountains were made, we shall confine attention to one or more of these episodes, these major revolutions of orogenesis, as they are technically called. What do we know as to the how and the why of their manner of operation? A good deal as to the how, not much as to the why. Two important clues were of the greatest assistance in working out the steps in the process common to all periods of orogenesis. The first was the realization that mountain ranges, as known to-day, are made up for the most part of folded sedimentary, or water-deposited, rocks of an astonishing thickness. In North Devon, for instance, known to be the site of long-vanished ranges of mountains, associated sedimentary rocks are as much as 20,000 feet in thickness. In the Appalachians of the eastern United States similar folded sediments reach the staggering thickness in places of 40,000 feet, thinning out to a fraction of that figure as they are traced westwards. Now it seems unthinkable that sedimentation of that order, however slow, could have occurred without corresponding adjustment of the underlying crust, which there must have sunk to an equal depth so as to make such deposition possible. The second clue was the discovery that the long, narrow belts of deposition corresponding to the ranges are bounded on both sides by enormous and much older blocks, highly rigid and resistant.

With the aid of these significant pointers, together with the elongated alignment of the ranges, it has been inferred, and is now generally accepted, that for the beginning of the process we are to picture a tremendous trough, of the order of hundreds or even thousands of miles in length, brought about by a down-warping of

the crust and filled with sea-water, into which rivers flowed from both sides carrying sediment and depositing it on the floor of the trough. It was thought at one time that the sinking of the floor, necessary to allow for deposits of such thickness, was caused by the sheer weight of the sediments themselves; but that explanation has now been abandoned in favour of a belief that we are to attribute it to the same down-warping of the crust that brought the trough into existence. The sinking must have kept pace with the deposition. In this way the trough, or geosyncline, was gradually filled up. Then there began a fresh phase, initiating the folding of the sedimentary rocks laid down. Either one or both of the resistant blocks began very slowly to move inwards, under compulsion of a force which has not yet been explained. The inevitable result was a gradual compression of the accumulated sediments between the closing jaws of this titanic vice, causing them to crumple into folds, into anticlines and synclines, these folds becoming more and more intensified, more and more complex, overthrust upon one another, the up-folds or anticlines heaved clean over on their sides so as to be recumbent. In many places there occurred a yet further stage during which these recumbent anticlines were torn from their roots and carried fifty miles or more from their place of origin. All this while heat was generated and many of the rocks became fundamentally changed or metamorphosed under stress of high temperatures and intense pressure. Here and there, because of crustal weakness, volcanic activity broke out on a tremendous scale, paroxysmal eruptions took place, lava oozed from fissures and spread widely, great domes of molten matter were thrust upwards from the depths and solidified at or near the surface. The general result, then, of this process over a long period of time was a thrusting upwards and outwards of the sediments in the form of great corrugations, ridges, mountain ranges, parallel to the geosyncline and to one another. No sooner did the ranges take shape, at the very time indeed when they were yet in process of formation, than the forces of erosion got to work upon them, taking in hand their mission of destruction. Frost shattered the peaks. Rain and the melt-water of snow and ice collected in channels to carve winding valleys, which were to become the upper courses of rivers. Glaciers gouged out characteristic valleys of their own, obliterating the gullies of mountain streams, and themselves became the sources of great rivers that

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carried away the rock-waste of the mountains and distributed it over the lowlands. But for a while these atmospheric agencies fought a losing battle against those other agencies that continued to heave and to fold the original sediments, for the great vice of the moving forelands was still in motion. When at last those jaws no longer closed in upon one another, the agents of erosion began to have things all their own way, and if no further thrusting occurred, the long process of mountain destruction made a real beginning. So it went on, until at last, at very long last, the original upthrust sediments were entirely stripped away to build up in time a renewed series of sediments laid down in some far-off sea. The whole immensely long process, from the subsidence of the original geosyncline to the ultimate victory of the forces of erosion, took the form of a great cycle, the cycle of erosion, destined to start again somewhere else and to repeat the entire process from the beginning.

A typical arrangement brought about when the ancient, rigid blocks or forelands were moving inwards from both sides was to uplift ranges in two main systems corresponding with the flanks of the geosyncline, leaving between them a broad zone by comparison level and only slightly folded. This has happened, for instance, in Central Asia, where the geosyncline was a great sea corresponding in some measure with the Mediterranean, but extending eastwards for about as far again. Geologists have given the name Tethys to this sea. The resistant forelands that moved inwards to raise the immense mountain system that we know to-day, extending from the Pyrenees in the west to the farthest limits of the Himalaya in the east, were on the one hand the continent of Africa, together with Arabia and the Deccan Plateau of India, and on the other the great mass of Europe and Asia. The two sets of intensive folding and therefore of mountain-building are clearly seen in Central Asia, where the Kuen Lun ranges correspond with the northern margin of the geosyncline and the main chain of the Himalaya with the southern margin, leaving the wide, relatively undisturbed plateau of Tibet in between.

This tremendous mountain-building achievement, responsible not only for the Pyrenees and the Himalaya, but for the Atlas Mountains, the Alps, the Carpathians, and the Caucasus as well—and even that is far from being the sum of them—was that of one and the most recent of the world's episodes of orogenesis. Because it

took place in the Tertiary Era, some fifty million years ago, it is sometimes known as the Tertiary, but more often as the Alpine, Orogenesis. But the great mountain system selectively outlined above was very far from being the only one that came into existence at that time. The New World must be brought into the picture as well, for the great Cordillera of North and South America, the Rockies and the Andes, stretching half way across the globe, from Alaska in the north to the Straits of Magellan and the fringe of the Antarctic Continent in the south, belong also to this phase of mountain-building. That immense and highly complex chain is built up, like the other, of ancient and highly contorted sediments, interspersed with active volcanoes, with basaltic plateaux which were once seas of lava, and with granitic domes now laid bare by erosion. These two global systems, the American on the one hand, using that word in its widest sense, and the Euro-Asian on the other, provide us to-day with all the greatest and the highest of the world's mountains, and the reason for this is that in terms of geology they were uplifted in comparatively recent times, in the latest of the mountain-building episodes. The forces of erosion have had as yet only a relatively short time in which to carry out their work of levelling and destruction.

Geologists recognize some seven or eight of these major revolutions in the long history of our planet, but it is only the last three that have left traces recognizable to-day as mountains. Almost all trace of the others has been wiped out so far as surface relief is concerned, and we know of them only from the way rock-strata have been folded below ground-level. A team of geologists, carrying out a detailed geological survey, is required to inform us that at one time great mountain ranges were here uplifted. By such means have the regions affected by the remoter orogenic revolutions been made to yield up their secrets. They have been traced around Lake Superior, in the St Lawrence Basin, and in the far north-west of Canada so far as the American Continent is concerned, and in the Old World in parts of Central Africa, Finland, Lapland, and Western Australia. The latest of them takes us back to a time when life was still in its more primitive forms, the earliest to a dim era long before there was life of any sort. Here in Britain the most recent of these remoter phases has left traces in the form of igneous rocks in Charnwood Forest and the Malvern Hills. For the rest we

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are concerned with the last three of the whole series. Of these the first is known as the Caledonian, dated some 300 million years ago. The name has obvious associations with Scotland, and the Scottish mountains, reduced to little more than stumps of what once they were, planed down, uplifted, scoured by glaciers of the Ice Age and deeply dissected by river erosion, belong to this period. So do those of Norway and of the greater part of Ireland and of Wales. The geosyncline in this instance stretched in a direction from north-east to south-west and was compressed between the very ancient foreland of Sweden and Finland, known as the Baltic Shield, on the one hand; and by another rigid block to the north-west, now almost entirely beneath the sea, on the other.

Before that revolution had completed itself, another geosyncline began to take shape across what is now the southern part of the British Isles and eastward far across Europe, and the sediments then laid down were destined to be uplifted during the next phase of orogenesis, known as the Hercynian, about 200 million years ago, raising considerable mountains traceable now as little more than ridges and isolated highland blocks in south-west Ireland, South Wales, Cornwall and Devon, thence across the Channel in Brittany, the Central Plateau of France, and eastward to include the Ardennes, the Vosges, the Harz, and the Bohemian mountains. The two great trend-lines of mountain-building, the Caledonian and the Hercynian, meet at an angle in the hill-country of south-west Wales. They meet too in the Appalachian Mountains of the eastern United States, which belong to both periods. Last of all came the Alpine Revolution, already described. Britain was too far removed from the main belts of folding to be anything more than slightly rocked by a sort of ground-swell at the outermost fringe of the storm. Nevertheless the great Alpine Orogenesis has left its mark among us. A fold that crosses the Isle of Wight and the hollowed-out anticline of the Weald in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, where the two chalk escarpments of the North and the South Downs face one another across an intervening vale of clays and sandstones, are legacies of the last and very possibly the greatest of the mountain-building episodes that our troubled earth has known.

LESLIE REID

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY UTOPIA

THE course of utopian fiction in the nineteenth century confirms Toynbee's claim that the appearance of ideal commonwealths marks a period of crisis in the history of a nation. Further, the evidence of this utopian¹ literature suggests a corollary: the intensity of the crisis so revealed can be gauged from the way ideal commonwealths accept or reject the world of their day. The mildest form of the utopian neurosis appears in those ideal states that display what is essentially an improved version of the society from which they derive; the most acute form, the herald of dissolution, appears in those visions of a perfection that can only be found in a total rejection of contemporary civilization. The extent of the crisis can be seen in the gap between Wells's tacit acceptance in *A Modern Utopia* of the Edwardian world as something to be improved and Hudson's violent repudiation of Victorian values in *A Crystal Age*.

The utopian literature of the last century divides sharply about the grand climacteric of 1871. Before that date utopian tales were rare—only one or two in a decade; and they were generally parochial both in setting and in substance. After 1871 they appear almost every year and they are often more concerned with systems of world government than with immediate problems in their own society. Many of the early tales, following in the outworn tradition of the terrestrial utopias, locate their ideal societies in some remote part of the world. Thus, J. A. Ellis places the happy citizens of his *New Britain* (1820) far beyond the American frontier 'in the vast plain of the Missouri'; and in Lady Mary Fox's *The Southlanders* (1837) the ideal world exists in unexplored central Australia, where mountains and marshes have 'kept it separate hitherto from the rest of the civilized world.' A like indifference to anything outside their own country appears in more enterprising authors—whether they put their utopias in the future, like the anonymous author of

¹ Utopia is used throughout in the sense of the nowhere of the creative writer; it is the imaginary world he creates for the purpose of exhibiting his ideal schemes for society, as in *New Atlantis* and *News from Nowhere*, or for the purpose of his satire, as in *Gulliver's Travels* and *Brave New World*.

Oxford in 1888 (1838), or whether they follow Henry Forrester's example in *A Dream of Reform* (1848) and demonstrate the ideal answer to current problems in a distant planetary paradise. For all of them the perfect society is still national; it is still the self-contained community of More and Bacon. By 1859, however, a hint of the changes to come appears in *The Air Battle* by H. Lang. Here one can see the universal attitude that is to characterize so many of the later utopias; for Lang describes a future period in which European power has crumbled and the miserable inhabitants of what is left of Britain are protected by the ruler of the Black Saharans, the most powerful nation on earth.

By 1871 these tentative beginnings are forgotten and an unprecedented flood of utopian fiction begins. On one side there is a sudden increase in the number of terrestrial utopias. Bulwer Lytton came first with *The Coming Race* in 1871, then Samuel Butler with *Erewhon* in 1872, and these were closely followed by imitations like *Colymbia* in 1873, *Pyrna* and *Etymonia* in 1875. On the other side the utopian tale of the future enters on its first major phase of development with the appearance of *The Next Generation* in 1871, *The British Federal Empire* in 1872, and *By and By* in 1873. This extraordinary burst of activity did not escape the publishers' attention; for it is an indication of contemporary interests that Jane Webb's tale of a perfect future world in *The Mummy*, first published in 1827, was re-issued in 1872. In their preface the publishers are confident that the reader will be interested in the book because it is an attempt 'to predict the state of progress to which this country might possibly arrive.' This evidence of considerable contemporary interest in utopian literature is borne out by the Director of Cheltenham Library. Writing in 1873, he suggests that the sudden increase 'in works of an Utopian character' is without doubt 'due to the stimulus derived from two circumstances: the increasing attention paid of late years to the study of social science; and, secondly, to the new political influences resulting from the late Franco-German war.'¹ These remarks pick out the causes from which most of the utopian fictions, satirical or idealistic, originated in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Except for Trollope's light-hearted treatment of the humanitarians in *The Fixed Period* (1882) and a burlesque of Wells's invasion from Mars in *The War*

¹ *Notes and Queries*, 4S, XII, 1873, p. 22.

of the *Wenuses* (1898), by C. L. Graves and E. V. Lucas, all the utopias of the period display in varying degrees a serious preoccupation with the state of society and of the world.

All these utopias pass a verdict on their age. Their criticism is either constructive, like the vision of a perfect future world in *The British Federal Empire*, or it is destructive, like the attacks of Bulwer Lytton and Samuel Butler. There is a singular timeliness about the joint appearance of *The Coming Race* and *Erewhon*; for the two authors represent the extremes of the reaction to Victorian ideas. For Bulwer Lytton, who had lived through all the great changes and was to die in 1873, the glories of the age were dust and ashes. In *The Coming Race* he exhibits the super-Victorian race of the Vril-ya, who are unbelievably advanced in their use of scientific knowledge. They are all that the Victorians might become; and they represent an object-lesson in disillusion. Lytton claims that if 'a thousand of the best and most philosophical of human beings' were to visit the subterranean civilization of the Vril-ya, then 'in less than a year they would either die of *ennui* or attempt some revolution.' For Samuel Butler, just then beginning his career as an iconoclast, there is the same dislike of false ideals, but in place of Lytton's mild despair he shows an eagerness to smash false idols in church, state, education, and family life.

The development of the late Victorian utopias shows that the 'seventies mark the beginning of a crisis in the nation's way of life. The great central period of prosperity and of certainty in unending progress was coming to an end; and the last decades of the Victorian epoch are marked by doubts and anxieties born of far-reaching changes in religion, economics, and politics. The results are felt throughout the utopias of the period. The rise of industrial opponents in America and Germany, the way the steamship and the telegraph were reducing the size of the world, the spread of industrialism, the growing urbanization of a once agricultural society, and the rise of a literate working class were all facts that posed difficult questions for the future. The answers were supplied in the ideal commonwealths, for in spite of their often fundamental differences they all agree that there is a problem to be solved.

Moving in time with the changing moods of the period these utopias advance from an initial phase of optimism in the 'seventies

to the repudiation by the 'eighties of Victorian ideals in the romantic Arcadias of Jefferies and Hudson, and at the end of the century the gloom of the 'nineties coincides with Wells's cheerless forecast in *When the Sleeper Wakes* (1899). The first of the new ideal states is also the most provincial of them all. This is *The Next Generation*, in which the author meanders through three volumes in an attempt to make his contemporaries look favourably on the movement for female suffrage and the Irish demand for self-government. The action takes place in 1891, when Ireland has at last become a contented member of the United Kingdom as the result of a system of federal union. The fight for women's rights has succeeded brilliantly. Women are now prominent in all the professions. Parliament consists of '131 women and 399 men'; and in the *Athena* of London the ladies have their own university. And so it goes on as the hero, who is of course a handsome Irishman, never fails to tell the 'seventies how the 'nineties have benefited from the application of the author's ideas.

A more interesting ideal state is Edward Maitland's *By and By*. In spite of its many eccentricities it is the first major indication within these futuristic utopias that the modern period has begun. The organization of world government has for the first time become a matter for serious discussion and there is an attempt to solve current social and economic problems by applying some of Fourier's ideas. Maitland looks forward to a time when all Europe has abandoned private houses for clubs. These clubs—the Phalansteries of Fourier—are built in the shape of a triangle: 'one angle is devoted to men, another to women, and the third to both in common with their families.' The principles behind the new life are frankly socialist. The separate national communities of this future world are ruled by the 'Grand Council of European States,' and this in its turn is controlled by the 'Confederacy of Nations.' Within this political framework Maitland describes a regenerated world, in which women are completely free, divorce is allowed, religion liberalised, science is beneficent, and all men are happy.

This attempt to solve the problems of the world reappears in all these ideal commonwealths, even in the drastic solutions of the romantic and anti-industrial worlds of the future. All of them, whether they seek to perfect or to destroy the Victorian ideas of progress and industrialism, point to the rise of new forces that

batter upon the structure of society. They reveal a tension at times revolutionary. Indeed, there is not a single ideal state in this period that does not reveal the pressure of new forces directed against some sector of the established pattern of Victorian life. There is, however, a sharp division amongst them according to the attitudes their authors adopt to the beliefs of the age. Those who accept progress and industrialism as unqualified blessings present constructive visions of a future world that is in effect an infinitely more progressive and efficient nineteenth-century industrialized society. Those who oppose industrialism and progress show their dislike in destructive visions of the future in which they wipe out the horrors of the Victorian Iron Age and go back to primeval simplicity in a new pastoral paradise.

Most of the constructive, industrialized worlds of the future appeared in the 'seventies, and they are all marked by an unquestioning belief in man's ability to create the best of all possible industrial societies. Thus, the author of *The British Federal Empire* looks forward to the world supremacy of the British people and the creation of a highly industrialized federal empire; the author of *In the Future* (1875) describes great material improvements and a European commonwealth under a supreme king; and in *The Annals of the Twenty-Ninth Century* (1874) all the nations of the world are 'knit together by the cords of Christian unity into one great commonwealth.' But all this optimism is a glimmer in comparison to the incandescent blaze of W. D. Hay's expectations in *Three Hundred Years Hence* (1881). His secret for human happiness is still more science and more organization. The whole of mankind has united under the rule of an 'Ecumenic Parliament'; and as a concession to the demand for women's rights an 'Empress of the Earth' is the nominal head of all government. In this Hay is strangely modern: the Empress is selected from all the 'queens of beauty' of the different states of this world. Her rôle is to serve as the 'Ideal of Beauty, the type of Innocence, the emblem of United Humanity'; but with Victorian prudence Hay points out that, although 'nominally the head of all government in the abstract,' the Empress possesses 'not one particle of power over the decisions of Ecumenic wisdom.'

The end of the large-scale ideal states that sprang from the belief in an industrialized society's power for good is marked by the

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publication in 1882 of *The Dawn of the Twentieth Century*. In it 'the author desires to show,' he writes in the preface, 'that within two decades the course and direction of public affairs may be such, if the country wills it, as will put England on a pinnacle of glory and in a position of prosperity greater than she has ever, through the whole period of her history, presented to the world.' But this optimism is short-lived. About the end of the 'seventies a new sequence of futuristic utopias begins in which the note of criticism sounds without interruption: first, in H. G. M. Watson's attack upon the inevitable corruption brought on by material progress in *Erechomenon* (1879); next, in Sir Walter Besant's satire on the feminist movement and its disciples, *The Rights of Man* (1882); then, in Arthur Brookfield's *Simiocracy* (1884), which ridicules the moral pretensions of Liberalism and the idea of progress; finally and most seriously of all, in Richard Jefferies' *After London* (1885) and W. H. Hudson's *A Crystal Age* (1887) the main offensive against the central assumptions of nineteenth-century civilization opens in force. At the moment when the constructive utopias, which derived from the optimism of the great central period of expansion, came to an end the visions of Jefferies and Hudson arose in their place and blotted out the entire Victorian scheme of life. They say in prose what Tennyson said in the lines of 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.' In 1886 the Poet Laureate reviewed the progress of the age since he wrote the hopes of 1842 into 'Locksley Hall.' He found that the future he had hailed so fervently had not brought the happiness he anticipated:

Gone the cry of 'Forward, Forward,' lost within a growing gloom;
Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.
Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space,
Staled by frequency, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace!
'Forward' rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one.
Let us hush this cry of 'Forward' till ten thousand years have gone.

Tennyson looks at his world and finds that 'Progress halts on palsied feet.' His poem, like the romantic worlds of Jefferies and Hudson, is one of the many signs indicating the break-up of the old optimistic outlook; and in a way that reveals the underlying neurosis, Jefferies and Hudson abandon the old gods of industrialism and progress for a life that is as unlike the world of the 'eighties as it is possible to imagine. In effect the two men escape

from a hateful present into the type of future life they would have lived if they had had the chance. Their flight into the future is in keeping with their characters. Both were naturalists who loathed the cramped life of the great towns; and both worked and re-worked the experiences of their youth into the substance of their fiction. There are significant similarities in their two stories. Both write of a future time when vast forests have blotted out the sprawling ugliness of the industrial towns. In *After London* this hatred of industrialism is symbolized in the great lake that has drowned the Midlands and especially in the poisonous swamp that covers the site of London. In *A Crystal Age* all that makes for discord in Victorian England has been banished:

... there has been a sort of mighty Savonarola bonfire, in which most of the things once valued have been consumed to ashes—politics, religions, systems of philosophy, isms and ologies of all descriptions; schools, churches, prisons, poorhouses; stimulants and tobacco; kings and parliaments; cannon with its hostile roar; history, the press, vice, political economy, money and a million things more—all consumed like so much worthless hay and stubble.

The romanticism of these Arcadian escapes into the future is related to a curiously juvenile streak in the novels of Besant and William Morris. Schoolboy jokes and adolescent behaviour form the background to Morris's *News from Nowhere*. The adult inhabitants of his ideal state behave with juvenile heartiness. One grown male greets his friends with 'well, lads, young and old'; and another lad in the spirit of the Upper Fourth warns a friend: 'Dick, old fellow, *ne quid nimis*! Don't overdo it.' Evidently Morris took advantage of his journey into the future to exchange the cares of manhood for the easy-going world of the adolescent. This comes out in his remark that the hay-makers worked 'in the simple fashion of the days when I was a boy'; it appears most strikingly in the account of the voyage up the Thames: 'as we slipped between the lovely summer greenery, I almost felt my youth come back to me, and as if I were on one of those happy excursions which I used to enjoy so much in the days when I was too happy to think that there could be much amiss anywhere.'

This adolescent streak appears most strongly in Besant's *Revolt of Man*. A march on London is described in phrases that recall the boyish adventures of Richard Jefferies' hero in *After London*. Here

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is the way Besant describes the behaviour of the heroine when the men of England are marching to fight against a female tyranny:

Faith ran about among the men, telling them all that Captain Dunquerque was her sweetheart, asking who were the girls they loved, and how they wooed them, and so delightfully turning everything upside down, that she was better than all the barrels of beer.

Besant's phrase, 'so delightfully turning everything upside down,' is related to Jefferies' return to the world of his boyhood in *After London* and to Hudson's renewal of youthful memories of the Rio de la Plata forests in *A Crystal Age*. The juvenile element in these stories suggests that in the growing doubt and anxiety of the last decades of the nineteenth century many Victorians sought to escape from their perplexities by joining in the carefree, innocent life of boyhood. The boy was becoming a symbol of a happiness and innocence eagerly desired by adults. The age had seen the swiftest advance ever made by the human race, and now the age, like the Queen, was growing old. The exuberance and certainty of the earlier period were changing to doubt, even to despair. The age was older and wiser now, but not happier. It could find little happiness in itself; but there was still a happiness of the imagination to be experienced in simple, uncomplicated lives of young people as revealed by Stevenson, or in the romantic, personal adventures of foreign lands and future periods, as revealed by Rider Haggard and Richard Jefferies, or in the total peace of the worlds of Hudson and Morris.

Morris's mood in *News from Nowhere* is closely related to the outright rejection of Victorian society that characterizes the tales of Hudson and Jefferies. Like them he condemns and repudiates the world of his day, changing it into a land of small, intimate social groups that follow a way of life very typical of Morris's medieval interests. It is a dream, as the sub-title, 'An Epoch of Rest,' suggests; but it is less of a dream than the tales of Hudson and Jefferies. Although at times vague in details, it is an attempt to give what Morris felt was a workable form of society; and it was planned in a practical spirit as an answer to the 'Cockney utopia,' as he called it, of the American writer, Edward Bellamy, whose *Looking Backward* (1888) had attracted considerable attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The clash between the two writers

originates in their very positive and very different attitudes to industrialism. Bellamy approves of industrialism; for him it is a supreme good in itself and he looks forward to a still more industrialized world of the future. Morris, on the other hand, converts his hatred of industrialism into the description of a society in which machinery plays little part.

The force of Morris's reaction against his age can be felt in the opening pages, where the dreamer falls asleep on a winter's night and awakes on a perfect summer's morning. Like Jefferies and Hudson he banishes all appearances of industrialism: 'the stinking railway carriage' has gone; 'the soap-works with their smoke-vomiting chimneys' have gone; and in the peace of that June morning 'no sound of rivetting and hammering came down the west wind from Thorneycroft's.' Morris has gone back to the opening lines of the prologue to *The Earthly Paradise*, and in his tale of the future he re-creates the world of an earlier dream:

Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town;
Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
And dream of London, small, and white, and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green.

Morris's rejection of the Victorian industrialized society stands halfway in the course of utopian literature between 1871 and 1901. Decade by decade the level of hope sinks lower, from the initial confidence of the 'seventies in the possibility of a perfectly organized world to the still optimistic but now anti-industrial Arcadias of Hudson, Jefferies, and Morris, and finally it touches bottom in the pessimistic forecasts of *The Time Machine* and *When the Sleeper Wakes*. This decline reflects a loss of confidence in the idea of progress that had been steadily growing during the last quarter of the century. The old Victorian certainties in trade, politics, religion, and international affairs were buckling under the pressure of new forces. The golden harvest of world trade was shrinking before the rise of new centres of production in Germany and America. The consolations of religion were failing, for religious doubt and scientific infallibility had eroded the old beliefs. As Matthew Arnold put it in 1880: 'there is not a creed which is not

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shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve.' All these doubts of the present and anxieties for the future reached their climax in the 'nineties when the economic condition of the country worsened considerably, aggravated by increasing unemployment and by bitter strikes that announced the first demands of organized labour for a measure of social justice.

It was a natural result of the unhappy situation of the 'nineties that the production of ideal states virtually comes to an end. The few that do appear are all eccentric and derivative: *The Yori of the Northmen* (1892) creates, in the manner of Jefferies and Morris, a future England of hand-industries and Anglo-Saxon costumes; *The World Grown Young* (1891) is a sentimental tale of a kindly millionaire who uses his wealth to reform the nation; and *New Amazonia* (1890) is a pugnacious feminist account of a future world in which the women are better than the men. But these are not part of the main stream, since the characteristic utopian fiction of the 'nineties is the Wellsian forecast of the horrors to come.

H. G. Wells has always been considered an optimist, in fact the optimist of his period. This opinion ignores the uniformly pessimistic tones of the futuristic tales he published in the 'nineties. In them he shows no trace of the later confident schemes for the perfect world state. In *The Time Machine* he presents a gloomy description of a degenerate humanity, and he ends the book with a grim description of the last of life in the chill climate of a dying world. In *The War of the Worlds* the prospects for the human race are little better; it is only pure chance—the miraculous luck of the germs that kill off the Martians—that saves a world totally incapable of defending itself. In *When the Sleeper Wakes* (1899) the range of Wells's vision narrows from the vast sweep of his first two futuristic stories and becomes, as he describes it, 'essentially an exaggeration of contemporary tendencies.' This story contradicts all his hopes in his later accounts of ideal world states. Contrast the assurance of Hay or Hudson with this picture of the regimented world of the future:

So the magnificent dream of the nineteenth century, the noble project of universal individual liberty and universal happiness, touched by a disease of honour, crippled by a superstition of absolute property, crippled by the religious feuds that had robbed the common citizens

of education, robbed men of standards of conduct, had worked itself out in the face of invention and ignoble enterprises, first to a warring plutocracy, and finally to the rule of a supreme plutocrat.

The verdict Wells here passes on his times repeats in greater detail what he had already foretold in *The Time Machine*. There, in the eight-hundredth century, the incipient divisions of Victorian society have finally caused mankind to evolve into two distinct species, one bestial and the other effete. Thus, the Time Traveller at last realizes that 'Man had not remained one species, but had differentiated into two distinct animals; that my graceful children of the Upper World were not the sole descendants of our generation, but that this bleached, obscene, nocturnal Thing, which had flashed before me, was also the heir to all the ages.' The direction of Wells's mind in the 'nineties can be seen in the way he shortens the range of his vision. From the immeasurably distant world of *The Time Machine* he comes back to modern times in *When the Sleeper Wakes*. And when the Sleeper does wake into the world of 2099 he finds that mankind is passing through the first phase in the long process of degeneration. A small group of immensely wealthy men controls a regimented and servile world. With pointed irony Wells observes that 'these latter-day people referred back to the England of the nineteenth century as the figure of an idyllic easy-going life.' He is anxious to demonstrate that this world of the future has everything a progressively-minded Victorian could desire, except liberty and equality; for the ordinary people are helpless in the hands of cunning and unscrupulous men.

The gloom of these *fin-de-siècle* forecasts continues into the next century, when the appearance in 1901 of M. P. Shiel's *The Purple Cloud* marks the final stage in these pessimistic pictures of the future. In a neat and appropriate manner it completes the cheerlessness of Wells's forecasts; it describes the destruction of all life save for a solitary couple, the new Adam and Eve, who wander through a silent and desolate world. Although this story represents the darkest moment in the course of utopian fiction, a new day was at hand. A year later in his *Discovery of the Future* Wells was to present himself as the self-elected prophet of a coming period of physical, moral, social, and scientific progress. This was in keeping with the times. The sense of depression that had marked the closing years of the nineteenth century did not survive for long in the new

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age. As soon as the anxieties aroused by the Boer War had died down, the first decade of the twentieth century began to show a feeling of hope and expectation of improvement. It was, as R. C. K. Ensor says, 'a mood of sunrise succeeding to one of sunset.' The voice of the new age was soon to speak through all the optimistic plans for world states that H. G. Wells was to pour out before 1914; for Wells like his contemporaries was soon to abandon the gloomy anticipations of the 'nineties for the certainties of limitless progress. And, as he told the Royal Institution in 1902, the world had every reason for rejoicing, since it was 'entering upon a progress that will go on with an ever widening and ever more confident stride for ever.'

I. F. CLARKE

THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION AND AFTER

THE result of the Canadian general election held on June 10 ran completely contrary to the predictions of Gallup polls and most other political prophets that the Liberal Party would receive a fresh mandate with a reduced but still comfortable majority, for the polls revealed that a wholesale revolt against it in most of the English-speaking provinces had ended its long ascendancy in Ottawa, which began in 1935, and driven it out of power. Only in Quebec and New Brunswick, where French-Canadian racial loyalty to the Liberal Prime Minister, Mr St Laurent, enabled his party to hold most of its seats, and in Newfoundland, where a mass of poor voters feel gratitude to the Liberal Party for the benefits of Canada's programme of social security, were the Liberals not completely routed.

In Nova Scotia, a traditional stronghold of Liberalism, the Progressive-Conservative Party with 9 gains carried 10 out of its 12 seats, and they won all 4 seats in Prince Edward Island and divided the 10 seats of New Brunswick evenly with the Liberals. In Ontario, where the Liberals held 53 out of its 85 seats at the dissolution, their quota was pared down to 22 and the Conservative total rose from 31 to 60. In Manitoba the Progressive-Conservatives gained 5 seats at the expense of the Liberals, who only retained 1 seat of 14, and they even made a few gains in the unfriendly political terrains of Saskatchewan and Alberta. In British Columbia they raised their representation from 3 to 7 and the Liberals were able to hold only 2 out of their 7 seats. The C.C.F. did not expect to make any converts for their programme of moderate Socialism, when Canada was enjoying a boom under the system of free enterprise, and so they were well satisfied to hold their own in Saskatchewan and British Columbia and to gain 3 seats in Northern Ontario. The Social Crediters gained 4 seats in British Columbia to raise their total strength from 15 to 19, but their ambitious crusade for the capture of seats in Eastern Canada proved completely abortive, as the poll of their candidates was negligible. Two by-elections held after the general contest confirmed the latter's

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verdict by the easy return of the candidates of the Progressive-Conservative Party, and when the new House of Commons assembled the standing of parties was as follows: Liberals, 113; Progressive-Conservatives, 105; C.C.F., 25; Social Crediters, 19; and Independents, 3. The Liberals have been trying to derive some consolation from the tabulation of the popular vote, which showed that they had secured 2,796,164 or 41 per cent. of the total votes cast, which was more than 200,000 ahead of the Progressive-Conservative figure of 2,580,051, or 39 per cent. But the weakness of this form of comfort is that almost 60 per cent. of the total Liberal vote came from one province, Quebec, and it slumped badly in most of the other provinces. No fewer than nine members of the Liberal Cabinet, including such powerful figures as Mr C. D. Howe, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, and Mr Harris, the Minister of Finance, lost their seats, and with nearly half of his Ministry ejected from Parliament, Mr St Laurent refused to listen to arguments that, since the Progressive-Conservatives lacked a majority, he should meet Parliament and test its sentiment and tendered the resignation of his Government to the Governor-General, who immediately invited Mr John Diefenbaker, the leader of the Progressive-Conservative Party, to form a new administration.

The chief credit for the unexpected success of the Progressive-Conservative Party belongs to their new leader, Mr John Diefenbaker, Q.C., a lawyer from Saskatchewan. He is far from being a polished orator, but he can impart to his speeches a strain of evangelical fervour, which makes him a very effective political crusader. He wisely concentrated in his campaign, which took him into almost every corner of Canada, upon a few issues such as the restoration of the supremacy of Parliament, whose rights the St Laurent Ministry had repeatedly treated with contempt. For this particular indictment he had deadly ammunition in the late Government's conduct during the bitter parliamentary controversy over the pipeline for gas in 1955 and he was able to give chapter and verse for his charges that Ministers had stifled the free expression of opinion in Parliament by abuse of the rules about closure and had seduced the Speaker of the House of Commons to abandon his rôle of an impartial arbiter of its proceedings. An experienced advocate before juries, Mr Diefenbaker kept the St Laurent Ministry

steadily on trial for its sins and errors before the jury of the nation and he secured, at least from the English-speaking provinces, a decisive verdict of 'guilty.' But he was helped to his triumph by a variety of other factors. The farmers were feeling that their share of the mounting national income was unfairly low and held the Government's policy about grain marketing responsible for the huge glut of unsold wheat. The old-age and other pensioners were dissatisfied that a small increase in the scale of their pensions lately decreed fell far short of compensating them for the rise in their costs of living. Then many patriotic Canadians had an uneasy feeling that as the result of Liberal policies American interests had acquired a dangerous stranglehold upon Canada's economy and there was in the English-speaking provinces a widespread conviction that French-Canadian influence had secured too great an ascendancy at Ottawa.

Then since 1953 Mr St Laurent had deteriorated greatly as a campaigner and gave the impression that he was a tired, ageing man. So instead of repeating the triumphal progresses which he had made through the country in 1949 and 1953, he had to face hostile audiences and submit to heckling. The defence which he offered to the charges of the Opposition was too legalistic and his appeals for a fresh mandate for the Liberals as the architects of abnormal prosperity fell flat. His most valuable lieutenant was Mr Pearson, as his other ministers had to concentrate their energies on saving their own seats.

The new Ministry, which Mr Diefenbaker has formed, is a presentable blend of political experience and youthful energy, in which all the ten provinces are represented. He has only gone outside of his followers in Parliament for filling one post, the important office of the Secretaryship of External Affairs, and he has made a shrewd move in enlisting for it the services of Dr Sidney Smith, the President of the University of Toronto. Dr Smith, a lawyer by training, who has been in succession Dean of the Law School of Dalhousie University and President of the Universities of Manitoba and Toronto, owed his distinguished position in Canada's academic world, not to erudite scholarship, but to his gifts as an educational administrator, and he has long cherished political ambitions, whose gratification had influential support in the Progressive-Conservative Party when its leadership fell vacant in 1940 through the resig-

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nation of the late Dr Manion; it was only on the eve of the nominations for it that he declined to compete with Mr Bracken, the Premier of Manitoba, where he was then living. So he enters politics at the age of sixty as a novice and will find it difficult to fill the place of Mr Lester Pearson, but he has proclaimed his general sympathy with the latter's policies and his administrative powers and his experience as a public speaker will be a valuable reinforcement for the Cabinet. There has been some criticism of the Prime Minister's decision to entrust the Ministry of Finance, not as was expected, to Mr J. M. Macdonnell, who is one of the most widely respected members of the House of Commons and has been his party's financial expert, but to Mr Donald Fleming, a lawyer from Toronto, and to give Mr Macdonnell the poor consolation of a Ministry without portfolio. But Mr Fleming is a competent debater and an industrious politician with a genuine passion for economy.

Major-General George R. Pearkes, V.C., who is Minister of National Defence, is the only British-born member of the Cabinet. He should be an admirable occupant of this post, as no Canadian soldier had a finer record in World War I. Since then he has been in the rôle of his party's spokesman on military affairs and since 1945 a vigilant and effective critic of the deficiencies and extravagances of the Liberals' policies for the defence of Canada. There is a confident expectation that he will undertake a drastic reorganization of Canada's armed forces, which will reduce their cost without impairing the country's security. One of the strongest members of the new Cabinet is Mr E. D. Fulton, the Minister of Justice, who also holds temporarily the Ministry of Citizenship and Immigration: a good lawyer with a fine war record, he is the most promising of the younger Tory politicians. The other Ministers are all senior representatives of their party for their respective provinces, and among them Mrs Fairclough, the Secretary of State, has the distinction of being the first woman to join a Canadian Federal Cabinet, and Mr Starr, the Minister of Labour, whose parents were Ukrainian immigrants, has the honour of being the first Minister of Eastern European stock.

The representation of Quebec presented Mr Diefenbaker with a serious problem, as out of its 75 members only 9 are his supporters. He has given places in his Cabinet to Mr W. M. Hamilton, one of his 2 followers of British stock from Quebec, and to two

French-Canadians, Messrs Balcer and Comtois, but they are all in minor offices and it is a serious weakness of his Cabinet that it contains no French-Canadian politician of first-rate ability, enjoying high prestige among his racial compatriots, who form more than 30 per cent. of the total population of Canada. But none of Mr Diefenbaker's choices has evoked such severe criticism as his decision to keep as leader of the Progressive-Conservative Party in the Senate, with a seat in the Cabinet, Senator J. T. Haig, who at the age of eighty has given evidence of a serious impairment of both his physical and other faculties. If all the vacant places in the Senate are filled before Parliament meets, he will have only 21 Progressive-Conservative supporters in the Senate, most of them raw recruits, and they will be confronted by 78 Liberal Senators, who include in their ranks several former Ministers and other experienced politicians. So it is difficult to imagine that Senator Haig can supply the vigorous and adroit leadership, which will be required to secure smooth passage for such controversial legislation as the Government sends up from the House of Commons to the Senate. One of the interesting features of the new Ministry is that the four western provinces with seven Ministers, four of them in the more important offices, have secured a stronger representation than in any previous Federal Cabinet, and the allegation that Canada's national policies were dictated by Ministers from Ontario and Quebec in the interests of their own provinces will cease to gain credence.

The new equilibrium in the strength of parties in the House of Commons will undoubtedly make it a much more interesting body than its immediate predecessors and impart greater liveliness to its sessions. When a Speaker is elected, the Diefenbaker Ministry will have available 111 votes from its own party, and since Mr Low has indicated that the Social Credit Party will give general support to its policies, it can count upon 19 additional votes from this group on most issues. But the C.C.F. members, 25 in number, who have little love for Mr Diefenbaker, will usually co-operate with the Liberals, and unless it can secure the support of the Independents, the Government will be a few votes short of possessing a majority in the House of Commons. No Government could find such a situation comfortable and there will be a strong disposition among the Progressive-Conservatives to find an opportunity for

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seeking an early dissolution and appealing to the voters for the decisive mandate of a clear majority. But an early second election is the last thing that the Liberals want, because they need time to install a new leader and advertise his merits and to rebuild their battered organization, and the C.C.F., whose funds are exhausted, have an even greater distaste for it. So it can be taken for granted that these two parties, forming the opposition, while they will exercise freely their rights of criticism, will carefully avoid the risk of giving the Government excuse for a dissolution by defeating it on a vote of non-confidence.

But the parliamentary strategy of all the parties will be governed by the course of Canada's economic fortunes in the months that lie ahead, and there are ominous portents of an economic recession, whose dimensions cannot yet be forecast. Official data, which show that in the second quarter of 1957 the volume of Canadian physical production, which had been rising steadily every quarter since the middle of 1954, was lower than the level for the first quarter of the year, indicate a distinct pause in Canada's boom, and later preliminary data for the third quarter suggest that the downward trend in business is persisting. The yield of the wheat crop is 37 per cent. lower than in 1956, and, although its decline will help to ease the present blockade of unsold wheat, it will also curtail rural purchasing power in Western Canada with adverse effects upon general business. The lumber industry is faced with a serious crisis through a shrinkage of both its domestic and foreign sales, and even the prosperous newsprint industry, which is a very important buttress of Canada's economy, is reducing its scale of activity. The construction of residential housing slumped so badly in the first half of the year that the Government has decided to make a fund of 150 million dollars available for its stimulation, and the current production of metals like nickel, copper, zinc, and lead is well in excess of the consumers' demand for it, with the result that mines are being shut down. Moreover, the inflow of American capital for investment in Canadian enterprises, which has been a prime factor in Canada's prosperity, has slowed down.

Such setbacks inevitably reduce employment and there are authoritative forecasts that during this winter the authorities will have to make provision for at least 600,000 unemployed workers. Now the Canadian people, after a decade of lush prosperity, will

not take kindly to harder times and the prospect of their emergence is the greatest worry of the new Ministry. The last spell of power—from 1930 to 1935—which the Progressive-Conservative Party enjoyed under the late Lord Bennett coincided with a grim depression, and even a mild one would provide the Liberals and the C.C.F. with ammunition to make the charge that a depression was an inevitable concomitant of Tory rule. The charge would be quite unfair, but victims of the depression would accept its validity. So the Progressive-Conservatives might think it advisable to make their bid for a fresh mandate before the depression gathers momentum and their opponents would try to block an appeal to the voters until unemployment and lowered prosperity had made the Government unpopular in the industrial areas.

The leaders of the Progressive-Conservative Party have also to take cognisance of one of the basic facts of Canadian politics. French-Canada remains the country's greatest reservoir of real conservative sentiment and, until the Progressive-Conservative Party can draw upon it for a substantial quota of Federal seats, there are simply not enough firm Conservatives in the rest of Canada to produce a parliamentary majority at Ottawa. The Government owed its victory on June 10 to the votes of a multitude of Liberals and Independents in the English-speaking provinces, who felt that the St Laurent Ministry had outlived its usefulness, but there is no certainty that a new Liberal leader like Mr Pearson could not bring many of these malcontents back to his party's fold. It is true that in the late election the Progressive-Conservative Party did increase its share of the popular vote and gain a few seats in French-Canada, but it did not seriously shake the allegiance of the French-Canadians to Liberalism. Yet, since it can hardly hope to increase its strength in the English-speaking provinces in a second election, it must win seats in French-Canada to acquire a clear majority.

One obstacle to the attainment of this objective is the fact that most of the French-Canadian delegates at the party's last national convention opposed the election of Mr Diefenbaker as its leader on the ground that he was hostile to both the French-Canadian people and the Roman Catholic Church, and during the late election Liberal speakers and propagandists in Quebec harped upon the charge that in a provincial election in Saskatchewan nearly

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thirty years ago he had been a vigorous advocate of the elimination of all instruction in the Roman Catholic faith in the province's schools. But on the other hand, the Roman Catholics, who form 45 per cent. of Canada's total population, are represented by only three Ministers in the new Cabinet and their hierarchy cannot be satisfied with the small weight of their influence in the councils of the nation. So it might be disposed to condone the alleged offences of Mr Diefenbaker and exercise its powerful influence to send him more Roman Catholic supporters from Quebec.

But Canada's relations with Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth and her general foreign policy have always had a powerful impact upon the political outlook of the French-Canadians and Mr Diefenbaker's chances of winning more seats in Quebec have not been improved by the almost rapturous acclaim with which the Imperialist wing of the British Conservative Party hailed him during his recent visit to London as a potential saviour of the Commonwealth from decay and eventual dissolution. It was certainly a novel and heartening experience for the British people to hear a Canadian Prime Minister proclaiming his ardent zeal for strengthening the ties between Canada and her partners in the Commonwealth and his aspiration to reduce Canada's huge adverse balance of trade with the United States by diverting to Britain about 15 per cent. of the imports which she now receives annually from the United States. But any drastic moves for the practical accomplishment of a diversion on this scale, which would involve a switch of 625 million dollars worth of trade per annum, will certainly encounter formidable opposition not merely in Quebec, which is now heavily industrialized, but elsewhere in Canada. Textiles and heavy machinery are the lines of goods which offer the best prospect for an enlargement of Britain's exports to Canada, but on June 10 virtually every constituency in which a textile plant is located returned a Progressive-Conservative member firmly pledged to work for better protection for domestic textiles, and any reduction in its present scale would drive these members into a revolt. Then many of the branch plants established in Canada by American corporations find it both profitable and convenient to secure their supplies of machinery in the United States, often from the same source as a parent company, and any readjustments of tariff duties which forced them to divert their purchases to

Britain would arouse the displeasure of their owners and impel them to agitate at Washington for tariff reprisals against Canada.

The conference of the Finance Ministers of the Commonwealth held at Mt Tremblant on Sept. 28-29 was apparently a reasonably harmonious gathering and it endorsed the proposal of Mr Diefenbaker for a later conference on a higher level about the internal trade relations of the Commonwealth. But Mr Thorneycroft, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, betrayed a rosy and astounding innocence of the difficulties, which faced Canadian Ministers about any large diversion of trade to Britain, when he solemnly proposed the inauguration of complete free trade between Canada and Britain, since such a move would spell ruin for most of Canada's textile firms and other industries. It evoked a chill response from Mr Fleming, the Canadian Minister of Finance. There was a further exploration of the problem of Anglo-Canadian trade relations at a later bilateral conference in Ottawa, but Mr Fleming, by instructing the Canadian Tariff Board to investigate and report upon the workings of the existing duties on textiles, had fortified himself with an excuse for postponing any commitments about changes in them until the Board reports. This intelligible wariness on the part of Mr Diefenbaker's Ministry does not mean that his ardour for Canada's closer co-operation with Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth has evaporated and it may yet bear valuable fruits, but Mr Thorneycroft's proposal, which invited political ruin for the Progressive-Conservative Party, cannot have stimulated it.

Mr St Laurent has agreed to lead the Liberal Party in opposition during the first session of the new Parliament, but he has decided that at the age of seventy-five he cannot face the task of rebuilding his party's shattered fortunes and it must be entrusted to a new and younger leader. His ejection from office does not mean that he has lost the good will and affection of the great majority of the Canadian people, which he will enjoy to the end of his days. He entered public life too late ever to become a real master of the arts of politics or a first-rate parliamentarian and he has always remained more or less the amateur, whose chief strengths were his fund of shrewd commonsense and the forensic abilities, which had made him the acknowledged leader of the Canadian Bar. His brand of oratory never stirred the pulses of any audiences, but it always conveyed the impression that he was a diligent and faithful servant

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of his country according to his lights. And since in the field of domestic affairs these lights were distinctly conservative and his tenure of power from 1948 to 1957 coincided with an era of such unprecedented prosperity for Canada that it had damped down agitations for reform, he was content to coast along on the cautious courses charted for the Liberal Party by Mackenzie King, with the result that his name will never be associated with any notable reforms in Canada's political and economic structure.

But he has to his credit two invaluable services to his country. In the sphere of foreign affairs he is a convinced liberal internationalist, and not only did he persuade a large body of his French-Canadian compatriots that they were misguided in their devotion to the outworn creed of isolationism, which was impossible for Canada, but by his own actions when Secretary for External Affairs and by the unwavering support which he gave to Mr Lester Pearson, who succeeded him in that office, he brought Canada to be an active and influential participant in the work of international organizations like U.N.O. and N.A.T.O. and to make an important contribution to the preservation of the world's peace and security, with a resulting increase in her prestige. He is also a great gentleman, on whose record there are no mean, paltry acts, and his scrupulously fair and even generous treatment of his political opponents, which won their gratitude and affection, did much to restore the amenities of political life at Ottawa, which had suffered from the bitter partisanship of his predecessor. Mr St Laurent will not rank in history as one of Canada's great Prime Ministers, but he is by far the most distinguished and attractive spokesman that the French-Canadian people have sent to Ottawa since Laurier died, and he holds the esteem of the English-speaking elements of Canada as widely as Laurier did.

But he gives up the leadership of the Liberal Party at a time when the apparently impregnable structure of nationwide strength, which Mackenzie King had laboriously created during his long régime, has been shattered and it has reverted to the situation in which it found itself after an internal rift over the issue of military conscription had involved it in a ruinous defeat in the election of 1917. About three-quarters of the 105 Liberal members in the new House of Commons are either French-Canadians or owe their seats to a solid bloc of French-Canadian votes and such has been the

erosion of the Liberal Party's strength in five English-speaking provinces—Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, Alberta, and British Columbia—that between them they have only 6 Liberal members.

In Parliament the French-Canadians dominate the Liberal Party and its paramount need is the recovery of its former support in the English-speaking provinces. When it holds a national convention, probably in January, to choose a new leader and revise its programme, this need will be a governing factor in the decision of the delegates and it favours the chances of Mr Pearson, lately Secretary for External Affairs. At one time the directing spirits of the Liberal political machine felt that Mr Pearson was too much a specialist in foreign affairs and had manifested too little interest in domestic problems like housing, grain marketing, and the cost of living to be an effective vote-getter. They had a preference for Mr Harris, the Minister of Finance, whom they regarded as a 'grass-roots' politician.

But Mr Harris's loss of his own seat and the wholesale debacle of his party in Western Ontario, which was under his special charge in the campaign, has eliminated him as a serious competitor for the leadership. If Mr Paul Martin, lately Minister of Health and Welfare, who has as good an intellectual equipment as any contemporary Canadian politician, were not a French-Canadian Roman Catholic, he would be a very formidable competitor for the leadership, but even his French-Canadian associates realize that the present exigencies of their party demand that its next leader should be an English-speaking Protestant. Moreover during the recent election Mr Pearson made many new friends in his party by his assiduous efforts to salvage endangered seats, at the risk of neglecting his own hard contest, and he has the great asset of being such an important figure on the international stage that many Canadians would feel that, as Prime Minister, he would enable their country to exercise great influence in world affairs.

In a recent speech to a conference organized by the Young Liberals of Ontario, Mr Pearson admitted frankly that his party had been justly punished by the voters for serious departures from the fundamental principles of Liberalism and he emphasized the need for a fresh start with a programme firmly anchored to these principles. But, since the Diefenbaker Ministry contains no Tory

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'diehards' and has some members like Mr Hees, the Minister of Transport, with distinctly Leftist views, it is unlikely, except in the field of Canada's relations with the rest of the Commonwealth, to undertake any serious reversal of the policies which the St Laurent Ministry was pursuing, and will not dare to give a reactionary flavour to its own fresh prescriptions for the solution of current problems. So, if the Liberals aspire to offer the voters a clear-cut alternative to the Progressive-Conservative programme, they will perforce have to move Leftwards, and while the personal inclinations of leaders like Mr Pearson and Mr Martin would favour this course of action, they might find it very difficult to persuade their French-Canadian colleagues to endorse policies which, by reason of their socialist flavour, would expose the Liberal Party to the charge that it had become the political ally of the C.C.F.

J. A. STEVENSON

SOME RECENT BOOKS

- Jowett.* Sir Geoffrey Faber.
Roman Silchester. George C. Boon.
Oxford Life. Dacre Baldson.
Silk Hats and No Breakfast. Honor Tracy.
Pétain. Glorney Bolton.
Letters from Africa. Sir Stephen King-Hall.
Lost Cities. Leonard Cottrell.
Why I am not a Christian and Other Essays on Religion and Related Subjects. Bertrand Russell.
Portrait of a Rebel. Richard Aldington.
Through Gates of Splendour. Elisabeth Elliot.
The Selected Writings of Sydney Smith. W. H. Auden.
On Growing Old: A Book of Preparation for Age. Sibyl Harton.
Lloyd George's Ambulance Wagon. The Memoirs of W. J. Braithwaite, edited by Sir Henry Bunbury and Professor R. M. Titmuss.
Prisons I have Known. Mary Sizé.
Field and Farm: Richard Jefferies. Samuel J. Looker.
Roman Catholicism in England from the Reformation to 1950. E. I. Watson.
The Double Patriots. Richard Storry.
Life's Adventure. Sir Philip Gibbs.
Irish Families, their Names, Arms and Origins. Edward MacLysaght, D.Litt.
The Desert and the Green. Earl of Lytton.
Nymphs and Rivers. Kenneth Hare.
The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined. William F. and Elizabeth S. Friedman.
Once to Sinai: the further Pilgrimage of Friar Felix Fabri. H. F. M. Prescott.
New Bottles for New Wine. Dr Julian Huxley.
The Castle of Fratta. Ippolito Nievo.
Great Bible Pictures. Margaret H. Bulley.
The English Face. David Piper.
All Things Made New. John Ferraby.
Hitler: the Missing Years. Ernst ('Putzi') Hanfstaengl.

Transient heads of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, however eminent in their day, seldom survive very long in public memory. Benjamin Jowett is an exception. Almost all Oxford reminiscences of his period mention him and he is inseparably connected with the fame of Balliol College. Little, however, has been written about him in a biographical way for many years and, therefore, Sir Geoffrey Faber's *Jowett* (Faber and Faber) is specially valuable. It is a comprehensive, full-scale portrait written with perception, sympathy, and scholarship. Was Jowett a great man, and what was his special achievement? He made no important discoveries; he did little to enlarge the horizon of knowledge; he provided no firm or lasting reconciliation between religion, philosophy, and science; but still he deserves to be classed among the outstanding figures of Victorian Oxford. He certainly had many devoted pupils who afterwards found fame, but he also had determined enemies, especially in the theological sphere, and the storm caused by *Essays and*

Reviews and his share in it stirred Oxford for many years, and even reached the Privy Council. Many, including Pusey, thought him heretical, and there was certainly an indefiniteness about his religion which gave some cause for this criticism. Arthur Benson wrote of him: 'Jowett, in spite of his genius, in spite of his liberality of view and his deliberate tolerance, was undoubtedly an opportunist. He was not exactly guided by the trend of public opinion, but he took care not to back men or measures unless he would be likely to have the support of a strong section of the community, or at least conceived it possible that his line would eventually be endorsed by public opinion.' This, as Sir Geoffrey Faber feels, is too hard and unfair, but it expresses the feelings of many. Of special interest in this work is the account of Jowett's long and intimate friendship with Florence Nightingale, mention of which she absolutely forbade in the official 'life' by Abbott and Campbell, though it was disclosed afterwards in the 'life' by Sir Edward Cook, but in the present volume it is amplified in a very interesting way. There is also valuable detail about Jowett's long friendship with Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster. Sir Geoffrey Faber deserves the thanks of all interested in 19th-century Oxford for this very able and very readable study of an unusual character. Whether approval or disapproval of Jowett is the final feeling, with Sir Geoffrey it is, of course, wholehearted approval.

Roman Silchester, by George C. Boon, with a foreword by the Duke of Wellington and an introduction by Mrs M. Aylwin Cotton (Max Parrish), is, we are told, the first book to give the full story of all that is now known about the Roman-British town of *Calleva*, as Silchester was then called. Mrs Cotton gives a very instructive account of Belgic *Calleva* before the Roman period and describes its earthwork defences, which were well outside the later Roman wall, which survives more or less completely now but only up to two or three feet above the ground—of course far lower than it used to be. Silchester was never important in history, but it was important as a road centre—no less than seven Roman highways radiating from it. Also, its excavation has given us one of the most complete guides to Roman life and habits. We are told of the Roman town, the public buildings, the temples and religious life, the houses, home amenities, such as water supply and drainage, furniture, gardens, etc., the economic life and the roads. The city

was laid out in the true Roman pattern of a gridiron, and each section in this book is referred to as *insula*, and these have been explored one after another, and the various discoveries not only of the lay-out but of objects found in them are most illuminating. Once more we are filled with admiration for the Romans and their highly progressive mode of life. It took many centuries of our history to get back to the amenities which the Romans knew well. No other Roman-British town has been so extensively explored, but it is incorrect to say (as is often said) that *Calleva* has been completely excavated. Indeed, this is far from the truth; but a great deal has been done and it leaves much of real interest to be done in the future.

There are many books on Oxford, but the subject is obviously one of perennial interest, and *Oxford Life*, by Dacre Balsdon (Eyre and Spottiswoode), well deserves to be read and kept on the shelf with more serious works of the kind. The book is informative, entertaining, somewhat ironical, occasionally flippant, and also occasionally distinctly disrespectful to learned dons; but it must be added that Mr Balsdon is a don himself! He treats his subject from the point of view of the university year, beginning with the Michaelmas Term in October and ending with the Trinity Term in July, and in each term he shows what heads of houses, dons, undergraduates, and college servants may be expected to be doing and what kind of life they lead. For obvious reasons he has had to invent a college—St George's—in view of all that he writes about present-day dons, but the real colleges are all mentioned and many real Oxford characters come into the work. Conversations in Senior Common Room doubtless lend themselves to some exaggeration, but that makes them all the more entertaining to read. The whole book gives an excellent picture of Oxford life which readers should appreciate, while remembering that Mr Balsdon has a very keen sense of humour, and some things have to be taken with a grain of salt! The final summing up might be that it is doubtful whether it should be said of Oxford that the more it changes the more it is the same, or the more it is the same the more it changes.

Silk Hats and No Breakfast, by Honor Tracy (Methuen), is a most readable and entertaining account of a journey through Spain, starting at Algeciras and going by Cadiz, Seville, Salamanca to Vigo and Santiago de Compostela. The journey, as the author made

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it, was certainly not one which would appeal to people who like comfort! She went by local railway, bus, and coach and hardly ever indulged in a good hotel. Some of the inns at which she stayed sound altogether disgusting. She says that the book is neither historical nor cultural, but simply an attempt to convey something of the grandeur of the Spanish countryside and the rich variety of Spanish life and character. In this it certainly succeeds; but there is a great deal that is not grandeur, and she gives a very graphic account of the squalor, poverty, and filth of many of the villages and their inhabitants. General Franco has taken care that in the more visited show places the standard is high, but, to put it baldly, this seems to be largely eyewash, and conditions are very different in other places. The author gives a good account of the *fiesta* and religious ceremonies at Santiago which has much that is interesting, though as the book has no chapter titles, no headlines, no list of contents, and no index, the result is hardly helpful to the reader! Also, it might be suggested that the title is hardly worthy of the work.

Pétain, by Glorney Bolton (Allen and Unwin), claims to be a vivid and accurate picture of a great military commander, of a man who avoided politics until the end of a long life, and then tried to govern a defeated country. As the author himself writes, 'we should study him in his strength and in his weakness: the tenacity of purpose and the disabling pessimism; the fine sweep of a military mind and the political ineptitude; the glorious legend and the enfeebled grandeur of old age.' This seems to say nothing about his quite remarkable vanity which induced him to make the egregious remark, when France was in the depths in 1940, after the capitulation, 'I make to France the gift of my person to alleviate her sufferings.' One can hardly imagine that France could feel much comfort in that! Undoubtedly Pétain was a distinguished soldier placed in a tragic situation, and perhaps a large amount of the fault lies with the authorities who put him in power at such an advanced age; but the general feeling of readers may well be that he was not a great man. Undoubtedly he had the virtue of trying to look after the comforts and well-being of his men, and so was popular, and he was always a good technical soldier, but he was also always defeatist. Mr Bolton says that he writes with detachment—neither praising nor condemning, but we feel that Pétain does not come out

as a particularly attractive character. However, this record of his life is well worth reading. A little more care in proof-reading would have saved the book from many quite unnecessary blemishes in the way of mis-spellings.

Letters from Africa, by Sir Stephen King-Hall (Bles), contains the letters which he wrote home from a tour in Africa last year, including the Union, the Rhodesias, Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda. Anything written by so experienced and skilful a journalist as Sir Stephen must call for careful consideration and this book very well deserves it. He managed to see leaders of all parties in the various countries as well as the man-in-the-street and he managed to collect the opinions of all. As can only be expected, the whole of the African scene is shadowed by the cloud of racial questions as exemplified in its extreme by *apartheid* in the Union, which Sir Stephen, like most people outside the Nationalist Party in the Union, feels cannot for political as well as economic reasons really be carried out, but will lead to endless trouble. On the other hand it is difficult to suggest a satisfactory alternative. In the Rhodesias and in Kenya attempts are being made to work the different races in together; but the future alone can tell whether the natives, who in some parts exceed the white population by 100 to 1 and in Uganda by over 1,000 to 1, will, in the end, be content with white man's rule even though the power is shared, which it will never be in the Union if the Nationalist Government can prevent it. All who are interested in these vastly important questions in Africa nowadays should study this book.

Leonard Cottrell, the author of *Lost Cities* (Robert Hale), says that whereas in his previous books on archaeological subjects there was a more or less successfully concealed didactic purpose, in the present one that is not the case. It is, he says, a relaxed book, written for amusement; and though it does contain a lot of miscellaneous information its function is simply to entertain. We feel sure that readers will enjoy this relaxed method of learning and there is indeed a great deal to be learned in the book. The author begins suitably with Sir Henry Layard and Nineveh, and then goes on with Dr Robert Koldewey and Babylon and Sumeria. After that we are given an account of the lost Empire of the Hittites and its largely forgotten cities. Then we are taken to the Valley of the Ganges, including the city of Hattusas, which incidentally, apart from show-

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ing much artistic work when excavated, also showed an almost modern system of drainage and sanitation, including plentiful bathrooms, which proves how far civilization had progressed in those ancient times. After that we are taken to Pompeii and Herculaneum with a very useful account of what has been discovered there, and also a grim and graphic account of what must have happened when the places were overwhelmed by Vesuvius. After that we are taken to the Mayas of Mexico and the Incas of Peru. It will be seen from this how wide the scope is, and Mr Cottrell can be trusted to be an interesting and erudite guide. He declares that the criterion that he has used in selecting the various examples is that of wonder, which is defined as 'something that arrests the attention or strikes the mind by its novelty, grandeur or inexplicableness . . . something unusual, strange, great, extraordinary.' This definition fits the book very well.

Why I am not a Christian and Other Essays on Religion and Related Subjects, by Bertrand Russell (Allen and Unwin), includes many papers written during the last fifty-eight years. Some have been published before, and some not, and it might even be urged that one or two of them might have been left in oblivion. When Lord Russell begins with the statement 'I think all the great religions of the world—Buddhism, Hinduism, Christianity, Islam, and Communism—both untrue and harmful,' and, later, 'I say quite deliberately that the Christian religion, as organized in its Churches, has been and still is the principal enemy of moral progress in the world,' we know what to expect and we get it in full measure! Needless to say, Lord Russell writes with skill but at times with a lamentable lack of tolerance of other people's feelings and opinions, and it is regrettable that he uses the all-too-easy means of quoting texts from the Bible divorced from their contexts as arguments in his case. He deals with his own personal feelings and as to whether religion has made useful contributions to civilization. He also deals with survival after death, and Catholic and Protestant sceptics, and our sexual ethics. There is a long debate between him and Father Coplestone on the Existence of God, and he ends with an essay on Religion and Morals. The book has been edited by Professor Paul Edwards of New York University, who writes (in our view unhelpfully) about 'a campaign for the revival of religion which is carried on with all the slickness of modern advertising techniques.'

He also contributes a long appendix on how Russell's appointment as Professor at City College, New York, was cancelled owing to popular outcry. Certainly Russell's opponents spoilt their case by altogether intemperate and abusive language; but his supporters were hardly tolerant or tactful. We cannot help wondering what good this rewashing of a lot of dirty linen in public is going to do now: it means recalling a lot of passages from Lord Russell's books on morals and sex which those who admire him as most eminent in philosophy, and as greatly intellectual, would like forgotten for the sake of his own reputation; but presumably Lord Russell does not take this view himself. There is, of course, much that is of interest in the work and a great deal to make those who do believe in religion think; but there is also much that many readers can only think regrettable.

In *Portrait of a Rebel* (Evans Brothers), Richard Aldington gives a well balanced account of Robert Louis Stevenson. He neither white-washes nor black-washes him. We are told a good deal about Stevenson's charm, but this is not much conveyed to the reader, even if Mr Aldington feels it himself. The 'life' is a striking case of the old problem of an only child with possessive parents and not only possessive but with all too rigid, narrow, and dour religious feelings; and to this was added a nurse whose favourite conversation seems to have been about hellfire! A lad brought up in such surroundings had either to fall to the same level or rise in sarcastic rebellion, which the growing Stevenson most certainly did, to his credit. But what human being, subjected from his tenderest years, day in, day out, year in, year out, to this virulent and ruthless sectarian propaganda could escape some marks from it? It must be admitted that Stevenson showed no special tact in dealing with his parents and one would have thought that gratitude might have made him more considerate and willing to meet their wishes, especially as he was financially dependent on his father until well into his thirties; and he must have known that the low Bohemian company which he favoured when young must greatly have distressed his parents. It must be remembered that, all his life, he had to fight a battle with bad health and was almost constantly in the grip of tuberculosis, which finally killed him when he was only forty-five. Mr Aldington gives a good account of all Stevenson's literary work and its varied quality, and no one can deny that he

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was a tremendously hard worker in spite of his bad health. The portrait of Fanny Osbourne, whom he married, is not attractive—neither is her face as shown in the photograph in the book. The whole story is one of rather tragic misunderstandings, and one cannot help feeling that things might have been so much better with a little more tolerance on all sides.

Through Gates of Splendour, by Elisabeth Elliot (Hodder and Stoughton), tells the story of five missionary martyrs who were the first to penetrate the dread land of the Auca Indians in Ecuador—a tribe riddled from the earliest days with witchcraft and sorcery, hate and murder against the white people. The five missionaries were healthy, athletic, brave young Americans, all with young wives; they had all felt the divine call to go on missionary work in the jungles of Ecuador; and their wives went with them. For many months they prepared the way, just outside the Auca territory, using all modern means at their disposal, including aircraft, radios, miracle drugs, tape recorders, etc. They flew over the Auca territory lower and lower, dropping gifts and showing signs of friendliness. At last, it seemed to them that they had got the invitation for which they prayed—to land. They did—and all were murdered at once. It is a grim story; but as a learned American authority has said, it is 'a powerful portrayal of the Christian dedication to which the modern world is a stranger.' Mrs Elliot is the widow of one of them and the book has been written in collaboration with the four other widows and incorporates the full diary records that have survived. It is a tragedy, but an inspiring story of devotion.

Sydney Smith was certainly a remarkable man and has been compared with Swift and Bernard Shaw as a letter writer. He certainly must have been most excellent company and very witty, and incidentally he was an excellent country parish priest before he got promoted to St Paul's. *The Selected Writings of Sydney Smith*, edited, with an introduction, by W. H. Auden (Faber and Faber), rescues from obscurity some of the best of his writings including, of course, extracts from *Peter Plymley's Letters* and the more remarkable letters to Archdeacon Singleton, in which he criticizes the then newly appointed Ecclesiastical Commission and the bishops on it in very strong language. George III said of him that 'he was a very clever fellow but he would never be a bishop,' and we can well believe this. There are many other letters in this

collection, including some to Francis Jeffrey, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Grey. There are some remarkable letters on the Game Laws and the need of counsel for prisoners in the law courts, at that time most scandalously forbidden. There is a good biographical introduction by Mr Auden; but readers would be more grateful to him if he had done more editing in the way of explaining the background of the letters and essays, showing why Sydney Smith came to write them. Also, there is a strange lack of information as to where these extracts came from—presumably many from the *Edinburgh Review*. There is also a great lack of dates and of footnotes explaining references. However, the extracts show what an able man Smith was even though perhaps they do not show so much about his wit.

The first half of *On Growing Old: A Book of Preparation for Age*, by Sibyl Harton (Hodder and Stoughton), seems hardly to justify the title as it deals with questions like suffering, an analysis of evil, the disordered world, and Christ and suffering, which are subjects which should be considered by all well-meaning adults and not only when they grow old. However, after this Mrs Harton writes: 'We have now explored and charted a lot of ground, and it is time to recognize and unfold some conclusions which, if acknowledged as valid, can be accepted as sure ground upon which to build a full and rich conception and practice of old age.' She then goes on to deal with the special problems of old age such as loneliness, uselessness, dependence, the steady lessening of energy and of fervour, zest, and excitement, and the inability to respond to the pressure of novelty or to the stimulus of new eager ideas, and with these questions she deals very sympathetically, and points out how for old people there is a purpose or, at any rate, a consolation in all. Her final chapter is entitled 'The Fragrance of Old Age.' The Prioress of Whitby writes of this book: 'This is a timely and much-needed book. How thankful many will be who are reaching, or have reached, this last stage of the journey for such encouragement and help.'

It might seem that to devote a book of 350 pages (including copious appendices) to the conception, drafting, passing through Parliament, and first years' administration of one Act is very full measure; but this is the case with *Lloyd George's Ambulance Wagon*, the Memoirs of W. J. Braithwaite, edited with Introduc-

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tions by Sir Henry Bunbury and Professor R. M. Titmuss (Methuen), and the subject is the National Insurance Act of 1911, which, undoubtedly, has special importance in that it was the forerunner of the present Welfare State. The many schedules, lists of clauses, amendments, and points included in the book will appeal to the specialist student, though not so much to the general reader. For him the interest will be the sidelights thrown on well-known people such as Lloyd George himself, with his skill and wiliness in exerting his charm over deputations concerning the Bill, who thought they had got what they wanted but found afterwards that Lloyd George had always left a loophole. Undoubtedly he was a slave-driver to his own staff, and W. J. Braithwaite and Sir John (afterwards Lord) Bradbury were the chief slaves; they were driven to exhaustion night and day, and Braithwaite, at any rate, got no recognition afterwards, which naturally hurt him, and he writes as a man with a grievance. Then, when the Act was passed, he had to deal with the Insurance Commission headed by the able but overmastering and difficult Sir Robert Morant. Braithwaite, writing at the time of the Commission, said that it was 'a body which has practically to clothe with flesh and blood the skeleton that has been presented to Parliament by Mr Lloyd George and bundled through the House of Commons without the slightest chance of proper examination.' There are many other interesting sidelights in the book, which is made up from Braithwaite's diaries at the time and later recollections before his death.

Prisons I have Known, by Mary Size, with a foreword by the Rt. Hon. J. Chuter Ede (Allen and Unwin), is a really interesting and valuable work. Miss Size had a distinguished career in the prison service for over forty years. She began at Manchester, then she went to Aylesbury, then she went to Holloway, where for many years she was Deputy Governor. A few years after retiring she was called back again to rule Askham Grange, the first prison without bars for women in this country. During her varied experiences she had to deal with an extraordinary variety of characters from the entirely illiterate and almost feeble-minded to highly expert professional women who had got into trouble. The problem was how to blend these into anything like a satisfactory community. Miss Size seems to have acted with wonderful skill and sympathy and to have been a very real friend and helper as well as being an expert

Prison Officer, and many of her charges had true cause to be grateful to her. She illustrates her points with many actual cases and shows how the prison treatment worked out and how, during the years of her service, the conditions inside the prisons improved to a quite remarkable extent. This is a very human book well worth reading.

Field and Farm: Richard Jefferies, edited by Samuel J. Looker (Phoenix House), must, perhaps inevitably, be rather a scrap-book as it consists of articles, essays, manuscript notes, letters, etc., written during many years, not to any one pattern or with any idea of their being put together in a book. Those who treasure Jefferies' memory should be grateful to Mr Looker, whose untiring keenness on behalf of his hero is admirable. He has managed to disinter a lot of articles which were written in the 1870's for the *Livestock Journal*, and these read well. Jefferies had the real countryman's love of the country and knew very well what he was writing about, and so we can enjoy from these extracts of his the village background, the fields, the farm, sport and pastime, political problems in the country, game, food, the dairy and sheep and cattle. Of course, many of the articles are now, in the popular phrase, 'dated,' and the references to prices of farm produce and of wages seem to us now fantastically low. The articles are of varying value, but, taken all round, they make good reading for anyone interested in the country.

Roman Catholicism in England from the Reformation to 1950, by E. I. Watson (Oxford University Press), is a useful little book which will supply information on an interesting subject. The author is a Catholic himself, but he writes in a way that is scrupulously fair and objective, moderate in tone and avoiding the language of controversy. He has much to say about eminent people like Cardinals Wiseman, Manning, and Newman, and he does not attempt to gloss over the difficulties in the Roman Church in this country owing to the struggles between the Jesuits and secular clergy, and the conflicting views of extreme ultramontanes and the old-fashioned Catholics here, who were strong in their religion but did not want Papal interference and the necessity to copy the habits of Rome in every detail. He also gives interesting information as to how the Roman Catholics survived in the later seventeenth and all through the eighteenth centuries, considering the many penal

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statutes passed against them; and he shows how often these were not put into effect, though they always hung as a sword of Damocles. However, in spite of all the nominal fines and penalties many of the Catholic families managed to prosper and to be on very good terms with Protestant neighbours. There must have been real trouble for the authorities sometimes when they had to deal with a violent and, at times, venomous controversialist like Bishop Milner.

The Double Patriots, by Richard Storry (Chatto and Windus), is a book dealing with 'the ideas and activities of Japanese nationalist associations and groups in the ten years which began with the so-called "Manchurian Incident" of September 1931 and ended with Japan's dramatic entry into the Second World War in December 1941.' The author points out that Japan's policy was governed by a religious devotion to the throne and a belief in a divine mission to expand Japan's domination of other countries, and the conviction that individual Japanese had a capacity for intuitive virtue unequalled by any other race. This obviously was a very dangerous foundation on which to base policy and it led to the proliferation of societies of what we would call a Fascist or Nazi nature and led up to the so-called Japanese co-prosperity sphere operations before the last war. These societies were largely bred in the Army and were utterly unscrupulous. After all, if anyone dared to oppose, assassination was always a ready weapon resorted to without much trouble! It might be said that the whole trend of Japanese thought was governed by an ever-increasing swollen head, and this led to Pearl Harbour and—luckily for the world—to disaster after the initial victories. As to the outlook for the future, the author writes: 'Nobody can dare to predict that such insanity will not again infect the body politic of Japan. But if it does, the resistance that can be offered will be more robust and lasting than it was before the Pacific War. There will be at least an even chance of fighting off the disease. More than this cannot be said.'

Sir Philip Gibbs' *Life's Adventure* (Angus and Robertson) is his eightieth book and, very appropriately, it was published last year after his eightieth birthday. He has indeed a very fine record in the way of literature. The new book is not a planned autobiography in any way, but a series of fifteen chapters dealing with adventures and episodes in his long career and his mature reflections on life.

He has known countless people, from the Pope to Himmler (whom he rightly considers the devil incarnate); from kings and princes to the ordinary man-in-the-street; from high-ranking generals (about some of whom he wrote rather acidly after the First World War) to the man in the trenches or on the battlefield; from centenarians to children, on whom he has a delightful and sympathetic chapter. He writes about the ups-and-downs of an author's life, houses and gardens, coincidences, hospitality, dreams, and gives interesting sidelights on many of his fellow authors. He is old in years but still young in spirit, and that is all that matters; and the whole book is like a genial and mellow reverie round the fireside.

Irish Families, their Names, Arms and Origins, by Edward MacLysaght, D.Litt., Chairman of the Irish Manuscripts Commission, and illustrated by Myra Maguire, Heraldic Artist to the Genealogical Office of Dublin Castle, and published by Hodges Figgis & Co. of Dublin, is evidently the most important work on the subject that has been published, both because of the eminence of the author and the many years that he has taken in collecting his material. His object is to correct errors left current and to present in easily accessible form essential facts about Irish nomenclature and families. After a preliminary introduction he deals with subjects like Mac and O, the distortion of surnames and their distribution and continuity, Christian names and changes of names. Then in nearly 240 pages he deals with 500 families and their genealogies. After that there are coloured illustrations of the arms of 243 families. Then Anglo-Irish families are dealt with and there are various appendices and a very useful bibliography. Some Irish families may wonder why they have been omitted and others may get a shock in finding that the arms that they and their forebears have used are in fact quite incorrect and unjustified. For the non-Irish reader there is some very interesting information, as, for instance, that names like Gleeson, Buggy, Cashman, Halfpenny, and Doolady are really ancient Gaelic surnames, and there are many more distortions like them. This mutilation and corruption of Irish surnames flourished in the seventeenth and, to a lesser extent, in the eighteenth century. However, the author has to admit that, even to-day, fifty years after the foundation of the Gaelic League, the gradual regaelicization of names resulting from its influence is to some extent counterbalanced by the opposing forces

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of denationalization. When it comes to Christian names it is perhaps interesting that John, with its Irish equivalent Sean, heads the list in four counties taken for special examination, beating even Patrick and Michael. For this purpose of examination of names and their distribution, the author takes districts in various parts of the country and makes a careful analysis. There is a very useful chapter on Anglo-Irish surnames which will have appeal well outside Ireland. The book, which is quarto in size and runs to nearly 370 pages, is, apart from the intrinsic value of the contents, a very notable example of Irish book-making as the printing, binding, and all the production have been done entirely in Ireland, and can well challenge comparison with work in any other country.

The Earl of Lytton, in *The Desert and the Green* (Macdonald), begins with the statement that 'it is the memoir of a man who has spent the first 57 years of his life trying to keep out of the public eye.' Apparently he has now overcome this diffidence in writing his autobiography, which makes excellent reading. As the direct descendant of Byron and of Bulwer, the first Lord Lytton, and his son, the first Earl, Viceroy, Ambassador, a man of letters, and poet, and also of Wilfred Blunt, socially attractive, literary, a determined rebel against authority and of very unconventional morals, the present author may be expected to show unusual qualities, and he does. He tells us of his early home life (which was anything but easy), his school days at Downside, and his time at Sandhurst. Then years with the Rifle Brigade and seconding to the King's African Rifles, when he was in military and civil charge of a large district of Kenya on the borders of Abyssinia and the Sudan, 70 miles from his nearest white neighbour. Then he returned to Sandhurst as an instructor and, in the Second War, held various appointments at home: in North Africa after the invasion of Algeria, in Italy, Greece, and Vienna. He took a keen interest in the African natives and some of his most interesting chapters are those about them. He studied their habits and made a point of really understanding them; and he writes with insight, and shows how he was Governor, judge, banker, builder, and doctor among them. He has also been a distinguished athlete and sportsman and, as he himself says, has 'dabbled in history, architecture, art, biology, evolution, and character psychology.' It will be realized from this what an

all-round view he takes of life, and all goes to make a very interesting book.

Nymphs and Rivers, by Kenneth Hare (Robert Hale), contains a selection of his poems which have appeared between 1910 and 1957 and, as his publishers say, show the fastidious craftsmanship which has distinguished his earlier work. He deals with a variety of subjects including the Sussex Downs, Venice by night, Aphrodite, sympathy, and cowslips. There are several poems on his beloved Cotswolds, and a variety of epigrams, including a somewhat cynical one 'Publisher to Poet.' Then there are some translations and adaptations from Greek, Latin, old English, and Italian. For readers who dislike the formless effusions which pass for much poetry nowadays, it is a comfort to find someone like Mr Hare whose verses, at any rate, have rhyme and rhythm and are easily intelligible. Those are virtues which ought to be appreciated.

The time and energy devoted to proving that Shakespeare did not write his plays marks one of the most absurd and ridiculous occupations in literary history. Never can unqualified cranks have been so believed, so listened to, or so successful in deluding. The history of the 'non-authenticity' of Shakespeare is interesting enough in itself; but to follow the record of discovering the evidence for this in ciphers embedded in the Shakespeare text itself is a fascinating experience of blind belief. Nowhere else can absurdity have been so successful, nor the earnest amateur have been taken so seriously. It is to be hoped that the last word on this strange genus of anti-Shakespeareana has been said in *The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined*, by William F. and Elizabeth S. Friedman (C.U.P.), a brilliant poker-faced consideration of particular ciphers and of the people responsible for putting them forward. The authors are distinguished American cryptologists who were, for many years, in the U.S.A. Government Service. As professionals their approach is purely scientific. Cryptology is lucidly explained, its main systems and methods expounded, and all the necessary grounding given for the layman to appreciate fully the wholesale but fair exposure of the Shakespeare cryptologists that follows. By applying the methods of each particular cipher the authors soon prove not only that Shakespeare didn't write his works but in fact that innumerable unlikely people did, some of them by no means contemporary with Shakespeare. The book has done an invaluable service to the

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dramatist. It has done it urbanely, effectively, and finally. It shows that if hit-or-miss ciphers can be twisted to prove a particular absurdity, they can be twisted to be absurd in twenty different ways.

Once to Sinai: the further Pilgrimage of Friar Felix Fabri, by H. F. M. Prescott (Eyre and Spottiswoode), is an enchanting and unusual travel book. Father Fabri of the Dominicans at Ulm made two pilgrimages to Jerusalem, one in 1480, the other in 1483, and as part of the latter he travelled on to Sinai to visit the Monastery of St Katherine, his patron saint, and returned to Germany by way of Cairo, Alexandria, and then to Europe on the Venetian spice galleons. With what wonder our grandchildren, conditioned to nuclear hermetic travel, will read such pedestrian peregrinations. Even to us the book is full of amazement at the physical endurance needed and at the glorious conception of time which could be so superbly leisured. Friar Fabri left an enormous journal of his peregrinations. An edited translation of that part dealing with the first journey to Jerusalem was published several years ago. Miss Prescott now edits the second journey, with its fascinating appendages of travels in Moslem countries. It is quite staggering in its homely familiarity with strange places where the travellers' hazards would have been thought to be most frightening. But Father Fabri travelled as a Christian priest and that to him was more than a counter to any wiles of the flesh, the infidels, and the devil, and he had to perfection the realistic medieval eye. It would be difficult to discover any other book that brings the late fifteenth century so enchantingly to life.

Dr Julian Huxley's latest collection of essays, *New Bottles for New Wine* (Chatto and Windus), has as a general theme 'the most remarkable development of the twentieth century: man's unveiling of the face and figure of the reality of which he forms a part, the first picture of human destiny in its true outlines,' and it is obvious that to get this 'face and figure' into some kind of manageable perspective a great synthesis of knowledge must be achieved and this is what this brilliant collection does. His essays range from natural history, popular science through morals, love, and religion to stimulating discussion on how much man's orthodox view of his purpose in his scientific environment has been affected by his constantly mounting knowledge of himself and his physical surroundings. On all matters scientific Dr Huxley is a brilliant and

comprehensive expositor. On the question of love and moral behaviour the reader feels at times a curious sense of being out of date. There is no doubt that the world has also moved on in these things—and the social worker's plaint of the lack of the sense of responsibility and of loyalty in the habits of young people is not, surely, due only to the tragedy of an irresponsible generation. One must be prepared to face it as a new moral climate.

Anything less like a novel than *The Castle of Fratta*, by Ippolito Nievo (O.U.P.), it would be difficult to imagine. It is turgid with its overwhelming appetite for the historical scene, its characters swarm with a hypnotic prolixity, and it manages to sustain credibly a hero who stays devoted to one woman through all the upheavals and separations of the Napoleonic tempest. Nievo, lieutenant of Garibaldi, was drowned in 1861 at the age of thirty leaving behind an enormous manuscript. This translation has been made by Lovett E. Edwards and has been abridged by about one quarter. There can be no doubt of the influence of Stendhal's *Charterhouse of Parma* on Nievo. He sets his story in Northern Italy and uses Venice as the great dramatic centre, but he comes nowhere near to the range of Stendhal, neither in his grasp of the sweep of history or in his insight into the drama of the human heart, nor does he ever achieve what is Stendhal's most superb quality—the place of human beings in the drama of history.

There have been many books recently containing reproductions of paintings by the old masters illustrating episodes in the Bible, but *Great Bible Pictures*, by Margaret H. Bulley (Batsford), is out of the ordinary. First, except for the disappointing dust-jacket there are no coloured illustrations. Second, unusual emphasis has been placed upon drawings. Part of the magic of both Old and New Testaments lies in the elusiveness of the meanings contained: one day a passage passes unnoticed; the next, it contains a wealth of significance. Sometimes almost before it is seen, a meaning vanishes. There is often about an oil-painting a certain formality, a rigidity that claims more for the meaning displayed than is always justified—as if it were saying, 'This is the only meaning contained here.' And this interpretation clings to the memory for a long time. But a drawing is of its nature swifter, more evanescent, and claims less. In this book there is a remarkable series of Rembrandt drawings, and they make an immediate impact of the winged intuition that inspired them. What simplicity, what deep feeling is contained

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in a few vivid lines! There is a sense of a vein of sympathetic understanding scarcely tapped at all, of immeasurably more than is here expressed. Perhaps El Greco is one of the few artists who can transfer such visions into oils without in any way hampering them, and many of his works are included too. But there, Miss Bulley has presented her selection, accompanied by the texts they illuminate. It will repay study.

Is there such a thing as an English Face? David Piper, Assistant Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, has enabled us to judge for ourselves in an unusual, scholarly book, *The English Face* (Thames and Hudson). The backbone is a collection of 145 fine illustrations, running chronologically from 1400 to 1900, and upon this the author hangs his discussion. After a slow start it is admirable. Sensitive appreciation brings each picture to life in a way inaccessible to most of us; for now with what pleasure one sees the basic difference between Tudor and Jacobean, between Kneller and Lely, and so on. It all seems so obvious when Mr Piper has opened our eyes. There is much to delight in here. The way in which several portraits of the same person are set up side by side is particularly interesting, for here one can begin to see playing their part in the construction of famous faces the forgotten factors: fashion, and the painters' compromise between tact and veracity. Often, a contemporary account has been included and then indeed an individual rises before us as near 'in the round' as may ever be after centuries have passed. Perhaps some may argue that the author only comes to grips with his topic in the last eight pages, for here there is a glimpse of capabilities only suspected in the earlier catalogue of portraits and portrait-painters. But the account has been richly rewarding and the end encourages us to hope that Mr Piper will develop his ideas somewhere else.

The Bahá'í faith is now established in many countries of the world, but there must be many who have never heard of it. In *All Things Made New* (Allen and Unwin) John Ferraby has presented an outline of its history and teachings. The faith centres round Bahá'u'lláh, who is considered the manifestation of God for this age. He lived from 1817 to 1892. He was preceded by a fore-runner, the Báb or 'Gate,' who lived from 1819 until his martyrdom in 1850. His mission was to prepare for Bahá'u'lláh. Finally there is an interpreter, Abdu'l-bahá (1844-1921), whose task was to present the teachings of Bahá'u'lláh to the world. Like all true

religions the Bahá'í faith leads towards the knowledge of the Divine plan behind the universe, and claims that anyone is capable of achieving this knowledge. As Bahá'u'lláh said: 'Every created thing in the whole universe is but a door leading into His knowledge.' Or again: 'He hath endowed every soul with the capacity to recognize the signs of God.' Anyone interested in the many paths by which man sets out to return to his spiritual home and in those who have pointed the way will find this absorbing reading. But one regrets the preponderance of later writings when the earlier appear to be so much more concise. And is it necessary to have all the quotations in such archaic language? The writings are in any case in the Oriental idiom and this treatment has not helped to clarify them for the Western readers. However, for anyone who is prepared to make the effort the Bahá'í writings clearly contain much wisdom.

Many books have been written about Hitler, but there is still a gap usefully filled by *Hitler: the Missing Years*, by Ernst ('Putzi') Hanfstaengl (Eyre and Spottiswoode), who was among his intimate friends for many years. He first knew Hitler as a minor provincial political agitator and he took part in the abortive *putsch* of 1923 which led to Hitler's imprisonment and, incidentally, to the writing of *Mein Kampf*. After that came the rise to power and the steady deterioration of Hitler's character. Dr Hanfstaengl says that his compensation for the inferiority complex of physical impotence was the driving force of his lust for power, and it was the experience of that power which turned him into an irreconcilable fanatic. For several years Dr Hanfstaengl retained some influence with Hitler owing to the fact that he was a really good piano player and could indulge Hitler with hours of Wagner music which seemed to bring him real satisfaction. He was on friendly terms with the better advisers, such as Von Neurath, but they gradually got eliminated and their place was taken by Goebbels, whom Dr Hanfstaengl calls 'a mocking, jealous, vicious, satanically gifted dwarf,' and Rosenberg, who was almost as bad—not to mention Himmler and Streicher and other human devils. In the end Dr Hanfstaengl found his position impossible with all these enemies in Hitler's circle, and it was only by luck in 1937 that he managed to escape a plot to have him murdered. After that, he escaped from Germany and did not return until after the war. The whole story is a grim one, showing how really bad human nature can be, and what is told in this book explains the process very clearly and convincingly.

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